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SAY YOU'RE SORRY

By . . .

MARY MADDISON

IT had been their worst quarrel. Clare knew now, at last, that it was no use going on. They had tried, but it had all been useless. It was no use pretending any longer. Far better to face up to things and admit their mistake. And that was what she meant to do, after this morning.

It had all started so simply, as quarrels mostly do. Just some little difference of opinion, and then, nerves tightened by the previous night's blitz, it had flared up suddenly into an awful quarrel. They had said things which could never be forgotten.

She stared into the fire, wondering how she could have believed so utterly in this marriage, this love of hers. How amused her friends would be when they knew that they had been right, and she had been wrong—oh, so bitterly wrong!

"It won't last a year," they had whispered to one another, and, in the way that one does, she had gradually learned their opinions, and laughed at them.

But at the end of the first year they had quarrelled pretty badly. They had been different quarrels, though—short flares that always culminated in a beautiful reconciliation. She had been passionately eager to be the first to ask pardon, glorified in sacrificing her pride, in order that he might love her the more. Her lips twisted slightly—no doubt that had been her first big mistake.

A woman should never be the first to give in, to admit fault. If she did, a man held her in secret contempt, took it for granted that if she once admitted error, she was automatically admitting error for every mistake which came afterwards.

And now it was over, finished, in less than five years. All her dreams had been broken, her firm convictions shaken to their foundations. At first she had hoped the war might pull them out of their apathy. She had dreamed bitter-sweet dreams of Ken being sent to the other side of



"Ken!" Clare called, scrambling through the debris.
"Oh, Ken!"

something to help the war, wondering what had happened to all the flags and music in this dreary war.

Far from beginning to mend the rift in their marriage, it forced itself like a gigantic steel wedge between them, driving them ever farther and farther apart.

And then last night they had quarrelled again, and this time they had gone far beyond the limits. They had finished, this time. Ken had stared at her coldly, his eyes steel grey.

"Unless you say you're sorry," he said slowly. "I'll not come back. You can ring me at work before seven to-morrow evening, or I'll not come home at all. This time you will say you're sorry."

She wouldn't, of course. She could still remember that stupid girl who had always been so ready to say, "Sorry." But not now—oh, no, she had travelled a long way since those foolish days!

In any case, she was definitely not sorry. She was glad—yes, glad—now that she knew exactly where she stood. From here she would go on alone, gloriously free of the fret and worry which her marriage had become. Ken could go his way, she would go hers. She glanced at the clock; it was just after six. In less than an hour her time limit would have expired, and Ken would be on his way—where?

Why should she care where he went? He would probably go back to his own home, to his mother.

She went upstairs and opened a drawer in her desk, turning over some letters inside. Ken's letters. Once they had been the most treasured possessions of her life, but now she knew that a man in love writes many things he does not mean. Imagine Ken saying those words now!

"Dearest, I have missed you so utterly. I only live for the moment I see you. I cannot realise how so sweet, so tender a heart could belong to me, darling. Somehow I never hoped to meet anyone who understood me as completely as you do, who needed no words to tell what I was thinking, who, like my own mother, can read my heart without any words being needed. You are so understanding, Clare . . ."

She pushed the letters back impatiently, her cheeks burning. As she pushed them back her finger touched against a small notebook. She bent down and drew it out curiously. It was the old diary Ken used to carry about with him before he was married, and for a little while afterwards. She flicked over the pages, living again the brief extracts: "Film with Clare. Wet night . . ." "Went down to Mother, with Clare. They like one another." Clare smiled at that, realising what feverish anticipation and hope lay behind that simple statement.

Ken worshipped his mother—she

could picture his feelings the day he had first introduced his two loves to each other. How he must have watched their faces carefully, at that first moment. He had been so excited, so boyish, when his mother had taken Clare into her arms and kissed her.

She turned another page; another. Here and there, quite alone, quite without meaning, he had scrawled her name. "Clare—Clare—Clare." Jotted down without rhyme or reason, as if suddenly he thought of her and had to write her name.

She put the book back in its hiding-place and closed the drawer. Downstairs the clock struck the quarter to the hour. In fifteen more minutes Ken would be leaving work to go—where? Anywhere but here, where he belonged, where his heart belonged.

She began to cry quietly, hopelessly. It wasn't fair, she had said "Sorry" so many times—this time, surely, it was his turn? If she gave in this time, might she not be piling up future unhappiness for herself? Even when you loved a man—as she loved Ken—

She lifted her head, her eyes wide. Yes, yes, of course, she loved Ken! He was part of her life, and she had imagined, for one mad moment, that she could get along quite well without him! Just because the world had turned topsy-turvy, and black boredom and misery had descended upon the world, she had blamed their marriage—blamed something beautiful and eternal, something as ageless as the stars, and as secure.

Sorry? Of course she was sorry! Then why not say so?

She ran downstairs and snatched up the receiver. The line was dead, silent. She jiggled the holder violently, but there was no response. For a few moments she stood there, her cheeks burning furiously, her fingers jangling the machine. Then, with a little exclamation, she slammed down the receiver and snatched up her coat.

There was a call-box down near the corner—she just had time to get through before seven—

The siren wailed out its melancholy warning just as she reached the gate. For a moment she paused. A neighbor, already in warden's uniform, shook his head smilingly.

"Pop inside, ma'am," he advised her. "No good going out now."

She hesitated at the gate. It wouldn't take a minute, and often it was some time before anything started. It wasn't far—

She began to run, hearing guns booming in the distance. If things got too bad there was a shelter near the phone-box, and she could easily dive down there for a bit, till it eased up for her to go home.

It was while she was in the phone-box, pleading to be put through to the required number, that things started in earnest. The small box shook with the vibration of the guns.

"But it's an urgent call," she repeated hopelessly. "If you could manage it just this once."

"Sorry!" came the reply. "Only priority calls just now."

There was a blinding flash as she put down the receiver. Clare was flung back against the side of the kiosk, and one of the panes of glass cracked right across as at the stroke of a giant slate pencil. She began to tremble.

"Oh, dear heaven, keep Ken safe," she prayed desperately. "Please keep him safe."

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LISTERINE

THE safe ANTISEPTIC

Mystery Stalks the Roof

Startlingly, in the dead of night, Anne heard the fateful sound that portended tragedy. Our intriguing new serial.

By THEODORA DU BOIS

I WOKE with a feeling of alarm that was entirely unconnected with the pleasant dream I had been having.

My first thought was, of course, that something was the matter with my son, Michael. Then I realised that Michael was at home fifty miles away in the care of an efficient nurse and my husband, Jeffrey. I was at Doctor Burch's convalescent inn with my young brother, and the sound I had heard could not have come from his room, which was separated from mine by a bath.

I tried to go to sleep again, but my mind insisted upon prodding me with questions about that sound which had awakened me. I told myself firmly: "It was my imagination."

But there had been a strange and definite sound, or rather, a series of sounds, that I had heard subconsciously. Perhaps the series had its beginning farther back in the evening. There was that quarrel, a fragment of which had floated up through the register in the floor. I had closed the flanges as softly and quickly as possible, but not before I had gathered a distinct impression of verbal hostilities in the room beneath mine.

Later, after Bud had gone to bed and I had turned out my light, a man and a woman had stood somewhere very near my door in the hall and talked. I had heard their low voices, tense in some conversation of importance; and then the woman had gone away. I thought, I heard slippers' feet pass on down the hall. Then I wasn't sure whether or not she had turned back or whether another woman was talking to the man.

Even through plaster and wood and wallpaper I was aware of antagonism loosened in that passageway. There had been footsteps, far away someone ascending stairs that had no carpet; the slam of a distant door above me, and that was curious because I was on the third floor of this high house.

"Doors slamming in the sky," I thought, foolishly, and was about to drop off to sleep when I heard the door slam a second time and remembered that the house had a tower room. "It must be long after one," I thought in irritation. "Jeffrey has made a mistake in sending us here."

My young brother, Bud, in his freshman year in our university, had come down with measles, complicated by pneumonia. It was a bad attack, and Jeffrey felt that the boy must go slowly and be watched carefully, which is not too easy for a youth who skis rather better than most and who sits up half the night writing plays destined, he is sure, to sweep Broadway off its feet.

He was annoyed and grumpy when Jeffrey said that he must come up to Doctor Burch's for two weeks' recuperation and rest.

Probably he would have rebelled more vociferously if Jeffrey had not privately told him that I needed a

rest, too, and drawn a sad picture of my state of health and need to lie out in the sun and drink fruit juices and egg-nogs. A rest! That is an ironic thought.

Here this first night of our "rest" I was unable to sleep. I felt a restless and disturbing atmosphere about the whole place and the people in it. I had been aware of it at dinner, and after dinner when we were playing bridge.

There was the handsome stocky man who had talked with such enthusiasm of the Aztecs and Mayans, and whose nose and dark hair might have been handed down from some Mayan great-grandfather, but probably had not. He had sat at a table with a little English boy, and two outstandingly attractive women, a Mrs. Murray, who had stepped graciously out of the New York Social Register, and her daughter, Jill, one of these vivid and engaging young skiing people.

All through dinner I had felt that she and the Mayan young man had been at swords' points, and it had been the function of the mother to wave, in some concern, an ineffectual olive branch. That had been the most interesting table in the room.

But the young man who sat at Doctor Burch's table had been interesting, too. He was sandy, and far too tall and thin, with a bad scar down the left side of his face. He ate too fast, and said little. If he had spoken, one knew that it would be briefly and disagreeably, perhaps, but with humor and great honesty.

At that table, too, there was an extremely unpleasant old man with beetling grey brows. He had special dishes brought him all through the meal, and inveighed angrily against the Securities Exchange Commission, when Doctor Burch was not discussing the building of a new swimming-pool.

At a table in one corner was an emaciated, nervous woman with diamonds and obviously dyed red hair. She chain-smoked cigarettes and watched furtively every motion of the Mayan young man. He was too much aware of himself and of his audience to appeal to me at all.

In another corner was a table of indecisive widows or spinsters eating rye bread and fussing about diets. One immediately diagnosed them as plain neurotics.

No, I did not like the place. I distrusted it and wished we had not come. Jeffrey would never have sent us here had he realised how faddy and peculiar the place was now.

Somewhere below in the house I heard a clock strike two. Somewhere in the passageway beyond my door I heard, or thought I heard, the very faint sound of slippers, tiptoeing along.

I thought: "The moon must be coming out from clouds. . . . Now what is it that is queer about my window?" I sat up in bed and clutched the blankets to my chin as I stared. Outside, hanging in front of the glass of the upper pane something like a rag flapped in the wind. It did not belong in any way to the pine branch.

Warmth of the rug and coolness of the floor were beneath my feet as I crossed to the window, and leaned on the sill. There was a rag, or part of a garment, flapping above my head against the window.

There was a gutter, rather wide, and a few feet to the left of my window I saw that its edge was bent outward and down. Before dinner, when we had been shown to our rooms and the chambermaid had opened the window, I had noticed that the gutter was rusty and old; but then the edge had not been bent out. I was sure of that.

I thought, "I wish Jeffrey were here," and I felt uncomfortable. I told myself: "Anne McNeill, go back to bed and go to sleep. You are imagining horrors. Just something fell off the roof, a branch or part of a chimney, perhaps."

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"Look, Mrs. McNeill, Jill said very quietly. 'What are we going to do about this?'"



SANTRY

Mystery Stalks the Roof

Continued from page 3

BUT why? There was no high wind at all. Before dinner that edge of the gutter had not been bent, nor had there been any rag caught above my window. I gritted my teeth, went back to the bed, and put on the nearest garment at hand, a rather inappropriately expensive and becoming long blue velvet house gown.

Wind ruffled my hair as I leaned far out of the window, and looked down. About the base of the house was a flower border: tulips. I had noticed them as Bud drove our car up to the front door. The tulips were a blur; there seemed a darker blur, like a great blot on the ground, among them. My teeth were chattering now and I wanted Jeffrey.

I went through the bathroom and knocked at Bud's door. He didn't answer.

For a moment I was more frightened than ever; but it wasn't possible. I reassured myself, for him to be that blot—if there were any blot—on the ground in the tulip bed. And he was there in bed, breathing softly.

"Bud," I said quietly, but still he didn't wake, and I thought it such a pity to rouse him. In fact, it was foolish to rouse anybody until I was sure myself about what, if anything, was below the window. I tiptoed back into my own room, and out into the hall. I must go quickly, because if that blot in the tulip bed were a man—or a woman—and he were hurt, one must get help at once.

The front door was slightly ajar. That was a queer thing. Somebody must have forgotten to lock it at bedtime. It squeaked as I drew it open. It was a very heavy door, and as I went out I did not close it after me.

"I hope and pray I have been imagining things," I thought, as I pushed through a clump of lilac bushes.

But I had not been imagining things. I had not even begun to imagine what I saw then. In the

darkness a girl was kneeling on the ground beside a twisted and huddled man.

"I think he's dead," she whispered, rising to her feet. It was Jill Murray.

I crouched down beside the man in the tulip bed, and felt for his heart. The tulips were bent and broken all about him and under him. Never again shall I be able to endure with anything but horror the cold, rubbery feeling of their leaves and stems, nor shall I ever again smell their faint, subtle odor without reliving that few moments before I knew surely that the man was dead.

"Dead, without question," I whispered.

The girl stood beside me, and with her wrist brushed hair back from her eyes. She was wearing only pyjamas and a bathrobe.

She said: "I heard him fall, and came down at once—I think I got out of the room without waking mother."

She was the girl whose voice had floated up through my register before dinner; and the man with whom she had been quarrelling was now lying dead. It was he who had been so fluently enthusiastic about Aztec and Mayan cultures and customs at dinner the evening before. Now the girl looked down as I felt the man's pulse: a fast, futile time.

"Look, Mrs. McNeill," she said very quietly, "I'm in a most beastly jam. What are we going to do about this?"

"Tell Doctor Burch at once, and then call the medical examiner," I said, and stood up.

"The medical examiner!" she repeated. "Isn't that the police?" "He is affiliated with the law, of course."

"But why drag the police in?—Alex fell off the roof."

"You always have to call a medical examiner in case of sudden death. We must go in and tell Doctor Burch."

She put her hand on my arm and said, "Wait a minute. If you get the medical examiner, there'll be investigations—who saw him last, and did anybody go up on the roof with him, and had he quarrelled with anybody? And I had quarrelled with him. You know it, Mrs. McNeill. I heard you close the register before dinner."

I said, impatiently: "Well, what of it? A quarrel hasn't necessarily much significance."

"Not to you, but the police always prick up their ears and hope for crimes. You know they do. And if they find out that you found me here—they simply mustn't find that out, Mrs. McNeill, because of my mother. It's all fearfully tangled, and I cannot have mother knowing that I am in any way mixed up in it. I mean it would, quite literally, break her."

The girl was frightened, and that was curious and appealing. Ordinarily those of her generation take things calmly in their stride. I must say that it touched me to have one of her age evince natural human weakness. But it was disturbing and unreasonable to have her quite so much alarmed about this situation.

"We've got to go to Doctor Burch," I said, and moved away.

"Please wait; just a minute." She held on to my sleeve, and I stopped in spite of myself. She said, "I suppose you'll be fearfully shocked. —Here Alex is dead — It wouldn't do him any harm —"

"What wouldn't?" "There's the woods across the road, and a pond in the woods. It's only a very little way; and my young cousin Bobbie was playing with an express cart yesterday. I think it would be big enough —"

I was shocked. "My dear girl, you're crazy. Do you want to land

us in prison? What are you afraid of, anyway? Were you on the roof with this man?"

That was a gruesome thought. Perhaps she had been up there with him. Perhaps, even, she had pushed him off.

She was hurriedly assuring me that she had not been on the roof. But I wished that she were not insisting so breathlessly and guiltily. "He's dead; he'll be found soon; there's nothing we can do for him."

I said, sharply, "I don't quite know what you're suggesting, but no decent person conceals a body or goes off and leaves it and calmly retires to bed."

That hurt her. She said, "Sometimes a decent person is forced to act horribly by circumstances to protect someone else."

"Whom are you protecting?" I asked.

"My mother."

"You mean that she pushed this man off the roof?" This was developing into an extraordinary conversation.

She clutched my arm more tightly. "You don't know my mother very well—can you imagine a garden club president shoving anybody off a roof at three o'clock in the morning—she's president of her garden club—and conventionality personified—she's a lovely person—and I'm not going to kill her—"

"My dear girl, I should hope not—"

"No, I mean it would kill her if she knew I was in any way tied up with Alex Walshied. It would be psychological murder. Quite literally—"

The girl's teeth were chattering now. The shadows and moonlight intensified her, making her, I suppose, look more desperate and frightened and beautiful than she really was.

"Look," I said, "go into the house and take some Lustral. I'll give you a few minutes' start and then I must notify Doctor Burch without delay. I'll try not to bring you into it."

"You're an angel," she said, "and please, before you call Doctor Burch I wish you'd telephone your husband and ask him to come out here, at once. It's simply imperative, Mrs. McNeill. I want to engage you and your husband to protect my interests."

"Will you go into the house!" I said shortly, and realised how illogical I was to be so drawn to the girl, to find her so appealing, when she was behaving so unreasonably, so really badly.

I WONT go one step unless you promise to telephone your husband," she was saying.

"All right—all right. I'll telephone him," I told her, "but go inside now, at once!"

I heard her say, "You are an angel!" as she ran off and disappeared through the lilac bushes.

I stood deep in thought for a couple of minutes, then followed her slowly. The heavy door inside the vestibule was closed when I reached it. I turned the knob and found, to my dismay, that it was locked. Jill Murray must have shut it after her, not realising that she had locked me out.

Perhaps she did realise it, though! But I had to get into the house, and quickly. I pushed the button and wondered if the bell were out of order. I had heard no distant answering ring. I pushed it again, and longer. Nothing happened. There was nothing for it but to knock; so I did knock and pound until my knuckles felt flayed. Then I took hold of the knob and shook it until the door rattled.

At last, with my face pressed against the glass, I saw something coming, a tall figure in a bathrobe. It was the ginger-colored young man. He jerked the door open, and, according to the code of his time, evinced not the slightest surprise at this unusual situation.

He said, "Nice night for a walk, Mrs. McNeill."

I said: "I was locked out. Which is Doctor Burch's room?"

"He sleeps at the back of the house; in the wing, next Mr. Fargo."

"Thank you."

"Something wrong, Mrs. McNeill?" he asked quickly and without flippancy, as I turned away.

I said: "There's a man dead in the tulip bed. I heard him fall off the roof."

I should have thought he would have looked more startled. Perhaps I was imagining that he was arranging his words to make the correct impression upon me. Last night I had thought him such a forthright young man. He stared at me and said, "Who is it, Mrs. McNeill?" and I was ashamed that I doubted him, but felt that he already knew what my answer would be.

"I don't know his name. He was that very dark young man who talked about Incas all through dinner. Alex somebody, I think."

"Alex Walshied!" And surely he was trying now to seem properly horrified and regretful; but it sounded artificial and metallic.

"We must call Doctor Burch."

Please turn to page 14

Speaking of Privileges

We're lucky in the W.A.A.A.F. and we know it! Good pay is only part of it. We have no clothes to buy or board to pay; no medical or dental fees; and when we travel, we enjoy reduced fares—often free passes. And that is only a beginning. When the cash value of all our privileges is added to our rate of pay, you'd be surprised at the total. Why don't you join us? You'll enjoy our privileges, and you'll be doing a real job for yourself and your country.

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NO PLACE FOR A WOMAN

Desperately in love with Ann, he feared to tell her the truth that would make her detest him

STANDING in the doorway of his iron hut, Bill Willis watched the plane come in across the jungle hills. It had taken Nick Delano, his pilot, a long time to get back, he thought. It was only a routine weekly trip, meeting the coastal steamer at the river's mouth. There would be no freight for the camp this time; only mail, and, Bill hoped, mint reports from the gold he had sent up to the States last month. But Nick was more than an hour overdue.

He saw the plane dip, coming down steeply. It passed over the gold dredge, then settled and came floating towards the landing wharf. "Now what!" Bill said aloud. Nick had climbed out on to the plane's pontoon, and was reaching both arms toward the cabin door. Bill held his breath. Nick was helping a woman from the plane.

Just for an instant Bill glowed at the thought of seeing a white woman. Then he felt a sudden anger and stood grimly watching.

Down at the plane Nick had unloaded the mailbag and a trunk, and now he and the woman were coming along the wharf. Angrily troubled, Bill went inside the hut.

In a little while he heard Nick's bantering talk. Nick was smart—too smart sometimes, Bill thought. But pilots were hard to get in here. Nick had been the only one to come for the job after Pete Cartwright got himself rubbed out.

In another moment he heard Nick's laugh close outside. "Well, here you are. Headquarters of Fortune Lake!"

At that, Bill stepped outside, his face set.

Nick grinned, and put down the trunk. "Don't blame me, Bill," he said. He was slim, dark, and good-looking.

Bill looked at the girl. She was small and young, with grave, dark eyes.

Then she smiled. "Are you Bill Willis?" she asked.

"I am." His tone was gruffer than he intended. "You've come here to see me?"

She nodded.

Bill couldn't understand, but he felt a strange warning in the way the girl searched his face as he brought out a chair for her and said, "Sit down."

She took off her hat and laid it in her lap. Light brown hair waved softly about her face. When she spoke her voice was low. "You didn't expect me, of course. Not me," she repeated. "I'm Ann Cartwright. Pete's sister."

Bill gasped. Pete's sister! She seemed to read his thought, for she said quietly, "Yes, I know. I received your letter six months ago saying Pete had died here in camp. But that was all, and no word of any kind since then. That is why I came."

Bill could feel something coming, something pretty bad. He had never known much about Pete Cartwright. He had only known there was a sister whose address he had found.

Stalling, he said, "I'm sorry. I didn't know anything about you, or even that my letter would get to the right place."

"I see. Then perhaps that explains it. It did seem strange. There was so much more. I waited, expecting every day to hear, and then I simply had an impulse to come. You even failed to say what caused my brother's death."

Bill didn't answer. The truth of what had happened was more than he wanted this girl to face all at once. Her brother had died in a drunken card-game fight.

"I think," he said, "we'd better wait to talk about that."

Her eyes softened. "You needn't spare me. I know, whatever it was, Pete took it all right. You see, there were just the two of us, and we were close. That is, we were until three years ago, when he started to—well, drift around. But wherever he went he always wrote

to me often. And after he came down here his letters were full of what a big thing he had. He told me all about the modern camp he'd built at Fortune Lake, how he freighted everything in with his plane, and the stake he was going to come out with within six months at the most. It made me happy; Pete was doing something with his life at last. And then it was ended, and I heard nothing more."

Bill felt his face go blank. He could see young Pete—a queer combination of big ideas and no will behind them; of drunken meanness and a craving to be admired. It was like him to want to be something for his sister—but to claim so much!

A year ago this had been an abandoned camp; the original company had been unable to keep a supply line open through two hundred miles of wild Bush Negro country to the coast. And if he hadn't had some ready money and the idea of using a plane it would still be an abandoned camp. Pete Cartwright had come in with him at the start, but it was Bill's money, his plane, and his idea. Pete had no partnership at all.

Yet when Bill looked into the girl's face he couldn't say that Pete had lied.

Suddenly Bill stood up. The men off-shift had gathered, staring at the girl. He saw the mailbag that Nick held, and he thought of the mint reports again. If they were short this month—He had troubles enough without having this girl around for a week until he could send her back to the boat.

"I'm afraid," he said, "Pete's letters were a little misleading. I wish you had written to me first. You can see now, can't you, that this was no trip for a girl to make?"

"No." Rising, she faced him. "I don't see that at all. A little unusual, perhaps; but don't you think girls like adventure, too?"

He picked up her trunk without replying. "I'll show you to your hut," he said, and took her arm as they walked past the men outside.

The spare hut was next his own in the row of ten. He opened the screen and pushed back the inner door.

"You can see," he said, "how much of a modern camp we've got."

She walked in and glanced around the box-like room. It was hot, the sheet-iron walls raw metal. There was a bed, a table and chair, a two-plate stove run by current from his generating plant. There was a shower-room at the back.

She looked at him. "It's fine. I'll get along. Is this what you meant about Pete's letters being misleading?"

He wasn't going to talk about her brother. Stepping to the door, he said: "I'll bring you up a batch of food. We all do our own cooking."

And then, turning, he saw the way she stared at him, suspicion clouding her dark eyes.

When he came to check through the mail Nick had brought, Bill found the mint reports.

His eyes ran down the column of figures to the total. There was no need to get out the previous reports. Mentally he could check this with last month's, and on back.

He straightened, scowling. High-grading was a thing you had to expect on a job like this. He had known the men would add even to their good wages by thieving from the gold dredge if they got a chance. But this—he looked at the total again. It was close to five thousand dollars short!



"Don't blame me, Bill," grinned Nick, as he came up to the hut with the girl.

Turning away to get his meal, he knew grimly it had become more than petty thieving. It couldn't go on. One thing he was sure of: the high-graded gold hadn't gone outside. He had already started checking up on that, watching the plane and Nick on each weekly trip.

It was his habit to go at ten o'clock for a last look around before turning in. It was close to that time now—darkness came late in these months of Little Summer. He switched off his light and stepped out into the dark.

Nick Delano, coming back along the huts, veered off suddenly, then stopped. "Guess our visitor's getting along all right," he said.

Bill walked towards him. "You needn't bother, Nick. She can take care of herself."

"Sure. She's big enough and old enough!"

"Without any help," Bill said.

"Yeah?" Nick stepped back.

By Harold Channing Wire

"Where're you headed, then?" He walked on.

In another moment, with the girl's hut in front of him, light streaming from the doorway, Bill halted, turned around. Abruptly a change had come into the thing that was like an undertone always in his ears. The dredge had stopped.

He stood waiting. It was perhaps three minutes before the rumble and rattle started again. That wasn't a long shutdown, but long enough if some man was near the gold sluice, and quick. He paused at the girl's doorway and held his watch into the light. Half-past nine. At the same time he heard her call. "Come in!"

He opened the screen. She was sitting on the bed in a pale green dressing gown.

For a moment her dark eyes searched him, and then she said:

"You know, for months I've tried to imagine what my brother's partner would be like, and couldn't." She smiled. "Now I know a little, and I'd like to know more."

Bill felt his heart race. She was being frank with him, honest in what she felt—and what was the use? Pretty soon he'd have to hurt her; send her away with the bitter, disillusioning truth.

"I'll admit to you now," she went on, "this is not what I expected. Pete's letters were somewhat misleading, the way you said. He made it sound as if there was quite a settlement here. I thought there would be other women, of course, wives of the men. It seemed to me it would have to be a big place to be earning ten thousand dollars a month."

"Ten thousand a month! Who told you that?" Bill asked.

"Pete did."

Something inside Bill went cold and numb. That's what she had expected. Pete's interest, half of ten thousand a month! Then he saw her frown.

"Is something wrong?" she asked. Slowly he said: "I'm afraid Pete made a mistake. What way was there to tell her how Pete had lied? 'For one thing,' he began, 'this camp doesn't earn ten thousand dollars a month—not profit. There are big expenses—twenty-one men to pay, and other things.'"

"That's all right," she said, smiling again. "I know I can trust you." She leaned towards him. "All I want is for you to tell me—" She paused.

"I'm sorry," he said, "not now." He stood up. "I've got to go to the dredge."

Swiftly she rose and faced him. "Of course, I've suspected for six months—when you failed to write—that something was wrong. You've kept everything so dark. My brother's death—everything about it, and him. I even felt that perhaps the whole thing wasn't true. A moment ago I thought I could trust you. But now—" She faltered. "What can I believe? You still evade me. How can I tell what happened to Pete, and what else you've done?"

He turned from her. "You'll have to wait," he said. "There's nothing I can tell you now." He went out, shutting the door behind him.

Bill managed not to see Ann Cartwright much for three days. But he couldn't avoid the knowledge of her presence; she became like a fever burning in his brain. He was in love, and he knew it. He tried to see how he could tell her that, and not destroy her with the truth that Pete had lied.

Although Bill avoided the girl, he saw how often Nick was with her. Sometimes she and Nick would talk in front of her door, and sometimes if Nick was working on the plane she would sit on the wharf. They seemed to get along. But it wasn't until this afternoon that Bill understood how well.

Ann was sitting on the wharf. He could see her through a window, her face tipped to Nick, who stood on the plane's pontoon. Then Nick leaped up beside her and reached out both hands to help her rise. When he lifted her, his arms went around her. He stood holding her close before they separated and came along the wharf.

Please turn to page 14



What would you do for the man you love?

Love knows no end to sacrifice. For your fighting man you would give everything . . . even your life. All he asks of you is that you swap a smile for a tear, trade a laugh for a frown, keep smiling, keep going . . . to bring Victory closer. So say this to yourself: "I see my place to fight, as each one of us must fight. To follow the course of my duty to myself and my country. To see clearly the individual responsibility that is mine alone. To live and work and give, and save as if the future . . . our future . . . depended upon me alone."

Dedicated to Australian women, whose part in our fight for freedom is one of the glorious pages in our country's history.

by
Prestige LIMITED

Makers of Fine Hosiery and Lingerie

Back the attack! Invest all you can in the 4th Liberty Loan

TRIANGLE IN STEEL

By . . .

Thomas Raddall

THEY were sitting on the mangled earth of the river bank, looking across the shining stream to the edge of the woods where the steel bones of the new railway bridge came to rest.

The reporter had the story of that new bridge in his notebook. His head bristled with figures. And he was unutterably bored.

So was the Assistant Superintendent of Construction, who had been told to usher the reporter over the job and see that the Archimedes Construction Company had prominent mention in the account.

A cool breeze came down the river in little gusts, and with its uncertain breath the tac-tac-tac of riveting hammers sounded faintly and rattled suddenly with the violence of machine-gun fire.

"Those riveters," the reporter said. "Look here, there's something about those riveters."

"French Canadians," murmured the Assistant Superintendent. "They're good men. What's so odd about them?"

"Well, some of 'em are very dark. There's a certain set of the eyes and cheek bones."

"Indians," the reporter said.

"Why not? The Caughnawagas have their reservation right alongside a big structural steel plant and they've learned the trade. What's strange about that?"

"Well, after all, the red man's supposed to be incapable of learning a skilled trade; and there he is, crawling like a fly in that spider web of steel, handling a hammer as if he was born to it."

"Yes, and getting a dollar or two an hour, while plenty of the more or less worldly whites are below, mucking away with a pick and shovel at forty cents an hour, and glad to get it. Anywhere when you see a structural-steel worker with a sunburn that doesn't wear off—ten to one he's a Caughnawaga."

"It upsets all the traditions," the reporter said. "Environment, eh?"

"Meaning what?"

"Put the Indian next to white man's business and make a white man of him."

The Assistant Superintendent pondered that a moment. "An Indian's an Indian."

"But—a dollar an hour!"

"Makes no difference."

Listen (the A.S. went on). Fifteen years ago I had a job on the construction of a big mill at Michicamni Falls. I lived in a draughty barracks of pine boards and tar-paper with the rest of the construction staff, but I had a little office of my own. I was proud of that office, but in six months I had the blues—environment, as you'd say. I was city-bred and I was young. I'd looked forward to this job at Michicamni as an adventure in the wilds.

not to mention being my own boss for a time.

The steel frame of the big mill was sprouting from the bedrock by the river, with the camp sprawling on the slope behind, and the railway line running off into the woods. You felt as if you were a thousand miles from anywhere.

There was a village not forty miles away, a cluster of unpainted wooden houses, a bank and a church and a barber's shop. It wasn't long before the camp began to find its way over there. Supply followed demand. That little dead settlement came to life with a bang. We had nine hundred men in camp, and the payroll was never less than thirty thousand dollars a week, and often more.

Personally I preferred the camp, noisy and dirty as it was; but to get away now and again from the monotony of grey huts and blueprints I went for walks in the woods. And one day I discovered the Indians. Steel workers. They wouldn't live in the grey barracks like the rest of us, but brought their women and children over the railway and stuck up queer little shacks in the woods.

I LOOKED around their settlement with interest. Their wigwams looked as if a stiff breeze would blow 'em away, but the spot was chosen for shelter, a gully in the hillside, shut in by trees, with a spring trickling out of the ledge rock under a poplar tree. A snug place. You might hunt the bush for a month to find such a place. Those Indians had gone to it by instinct.

I can't say they welcomed me, the stranger, the white-collar man, the intruder from the womanless camp below; but after a few visits they thawed.

We had fine talks in that hidden camp in the hillside. They were intelligent and good-humored, they'd been everywhere and used their eyes and ears, and they had the Indian love of a tale. I came to know their names, and when you can call people by name, without fail, and with the exact pronunciation, you're practically in the family bosom.

Of all the riveting gang, the Indians were best. It was fine to watch 'em. Teams of four, you know; riveter, stickey, and buck-up perching themselves on a girder, and the heater with his little portable forge somewhere below, on the nearest solid footing he can find.

The best team was a dark-skinned quartet named Napoleon, Onesime, Gregoire, and just plain John. John was the heater. He'd pick a red, hot rivet out of the coals with his tongs and give it a long underarm swing, opening the tongs at the end of the arc with a precision that took your breath, and the rivet went sailing

up, up, straight as a bullet to the stickey waiting on the girder above.

And the stickey—that was Onesime—sat there with his little tin pail in one hand, cool as ice, while the rivet came at him; and no more than twenty inches from his own brown beak nose he'd make a swift pass at the thing, a scooping gesture from right to left, and—tang!—there was the hot rivet in his bucket. He'd pick it out with his tongs and slip it into place in the steel.

Then Gregoire'd shove his heavy bucking-up iron against the rivet's head while Poleon on the other side battered the glowing end with his pneumatic hammer—rat-a-tat-tat!—working the hammer with a circular motion as the hot metal squeezed down, "rolling it," as we say, until there was another perfect head, round and even-shouldered as the one on the other end. Poleon got the highest pay. Nobody could roll a rivet head like Poleon. It was an art.

These four I came to know well. Poleon was unmarried. His sister was the wife of Gregoire, and Poleon lived in their hut. Onesime had a wife as like Mrs. Gregoire as one brown frog is like another, and two small round-eyed boys. John was the oldest of the four, active and muscular as any, but thirty-five or forty, a little fat, a little past his prime.

You could see that John would never be anything but a heater, would never hold Gregoire's heavy bucking-up iron, would never be able to boast, like Poleon, of the rivets he could drive in a ten-hour day.

But he was a good heater, and in the little camp in the woods John could boast what Poleon could not, nor Gregoire nor Onesime for that matter—a young and handsome wife.

The other Indian women dressed like their steel-working men, in blue denim overalls and grey flannel shirts, with a cast-off cap or an old felt hat of their husband's, and a pair of their husband's old boots as like as not.

But none of that for Madeleine! She wore skirts always, and silk stockings. She was about eighteen years old.

It was ridiculous in that hole in the bush, where the women were as far from the public gaze as an Oriental harem. But there was something pathetic about it. You could sense her longing for the glimmer of city lights, where a young wife could parade her finery for the admiration of the world.

The other steel workers respected the Indians for their skill, but despised them otherwise. I used to think it was jealousy, but I came to know that it was the Indians' frugality that made them contemptible in the eyes of the big camp. The steel workers were gorgeous spendthrifts, the finest in the camp, and that made the little Indian

Madeleine sat listening greedily to Poleon's murmured words of love.

group seem all the more parsimonious.

I've said the steel men despised the Indians; that's too sweeping, there was an exception. They liked Poleon. Poleon was one of the boys. Poleon went to town and whooped it up with the best of 'em. Some said Poleon had white blood in his veins, and that made the difference; but, white or red, everybody liked Poleon.

Suddenly, in September, in the long fine days between summer and autumn, Poleon stopped going to town. He lay about the little Indian camp for days at a time, sending excuses down to the steel boss by John or Gregoire.

"Poleon," John would explain in his charming English, "he don't feel pretty good."

On these days Gregoire took over the hammer job, and the boss sent up a young French Canadian to hold the bucking-up iron. He was a good man, but somehow the team didn't work as well. Even John fell off, the steady unerring John, and frequently a rivet went wild, beyond Onesime's reach.

Now a red-hot rivet falling fifty or a hundred feet is an uncomfortable thing to the men below. The ground crew swore up into the air, and complained to the erector foreman, and the foreman spoke to John. "Keep your mind on your work," he suggested.

John shrugged. The ground crew took to watching. When Poleon was on the job, all went well; when

Poleon was absent, they kept a wary eye on John and his rivets. The bricklayers didn't mind very much. They were directly below, but the wild rivets always went outward.

It was tough on the blasting crew, the steam shovel men, the pneumatic drill men and the gang of muckers. They were grading what was to be the mill yard, and there was a big reef of exposed bedrock to be shattered and picked and shovelled and trucked away. At the cry of "Heads, there!" they had to scuttle over a jumble of broken rock to safety, and they didn't like it—who would?

One day when Poleon was absent on one of his frequent "spells," John tossed a rivet clear of Onesime's bucket, clear of everything, and it came down in a beautiful arc to the roof of the temporary oil store, a tar-paper shack like the rest of the camp. Smoke began to curl up from the roof, and there was a scurry for fire buckets.

There was no great damage, but it gave the construction boss a scare, and he got the crane operator to sling him up on to the steel where John's little forge was glowing. He told John a number of things in a wrapping of really brilliant profanity, and at the end he said:

"Another one like that, fella, an' you're fired. It's a hard game, the steel, an' if you're gettin' past it, why, say so, an' I'll get another man now."

Please turn to page 20

MacRobertson's

ACTIVE SERVICE CHOCOLATE
MACROBERTSON
CHOCOLATE Perfection

Three lovely Americans



Mrs. Ernest Du Pont, Jr. Charming young member of the distinguished American Du Pont family, she says "I don't believe in taking chances with my complexion—I always use Pond's two Creams."

PRAISE POND'S CREAMS



Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt. Lovely Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt, dark-haired, brown-eyed, relies on Pond's creams to keep her skin fresh and soft.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor.

A leader of the family which has been prominent in American society for generations, Mrs. John Jacob Astor has for years observed the Pond's beauty ritual.



Pond's two Creams are sold at all chemists and stores in small and large jars, also in tubes for the handbag. Economy hint—the large jars are a thrifter "buy".



So effective, yet so simple, the Pond's beauty ritual takes but a few moments out of your busy war-time routine. Each night, smooth Pond's satin-soft Cold Cream over face and throat. A little will do, because Pond's goes so much further. Pat briskly to soften and release dust and make-up. Wipe off, and your skin is flower-fresh, soft as silk. And always before you make up, smooth on a gossamer film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, light and non-greasy. It holds powder beautifully for hours.

NEWTON, V.C., was hero of New Guinea air war

His bravery is destined to become a legend

He was young and he was brave and he died for his country—Australia's twelfth V.C. of this war, Flying-Officer William Ellis Newton, of St. Kilda, Victoria.

HE was so young, 24, that the story of his life is a schoolboy's story, its triumphs on the field of sport.

He was so brave that the official citation movingly forecasts that "the story of his brave deeds will become a legend in the Royal Australian Air Force, and will be read with pride by all who serve in that force in years to come."

His death must be mourned throughout the land he served.

He was the only child of a widowed mother.

Like so many of his comrades of the R.A.A.F., he knew death might come any time, and on his last home leave he told his mother: "Remember, no tears. Just have a glass of sherry in my memory."

The citation tells the story of Newton's magnificent record, and of the heroic exploit through which he gave his life.

It tells, too, of his "cheerful, natural, and infectious personality, which influenced his fellow-officers and men."

On three occasions Newton dived through intense anti-aircraft fire to drop bombs on Salamaua Isthmus.

Once when the engine failed as he was over the target he kept his machine under control, and, evading the anti-aircraft fire, flew 160 miles on one engine to a forced-landing ground.

Outstanding courage

ON another occasion he dived over half a mile through intense anti-aircraft fire to bomb at the lowest possible altitude.

His bombs started a fire which, widened by other aircraft, sent flames to a thousand feet in the air.

Four direct hits punctured the petrol tanks and damaged both main-planes and engines. Newton flew the aircraft in this condition 180 miles, and landed with his crew safely at his base.

Next day, without hesitation, Newton repeated this magnificent act.

His objective was a building near the previous day's anti-aircraft positions, but a more difficult target.

He attacked with the same intangible courage, through similar anti-aircraft fire.

But when he made a direct hit on the objective his aircraft burst into flames.

He landed on the water, and members of the crew were observed swimming to shore.

The citation adds: "By skill and great bravery he accomplished his task, but there is every reason to suppose that in doing so he gave his life for his country."

"His valor and devotion to duty have already been an inspiration to those who had the honor and privilege of serving with him."

Flying-Officer (temp. Flight-Lieutenant) Newton was the son of Mrs. M. Newton, of Inverleith Road, St. Kilda, and of the late C. E. Newton.

He was educated at Melbourne Grammar School, was a fine cricketer, and an all-round sportsman.

A fellow-officer said: "He was a magnificent bloke!"



FLYING-OFFICER WILLIAM ELLIS NEWTON, V.C.—This study of the young airman, posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross, was taken by The Australian Women's Weekly in June, 1940. It was chosen then to typify the gallantry of the young air defenders of freedom.

Editorial

OCTOBER 30, 1943

GOOD HEALTH IS A DUTY

THE twenty-third annual Health Week campaign, to open this Friday, is even more important than usual.

In peacetime the attainment of good health for the people is a matter of national pride and an earnest of social progress.

In war it is a matter of urgent national need.

Four years of hard work and anxiety have taken their toll of health on the home front.

In every phase of life there are new worries to try the nerves.

The housewife has a host of extra trials in shopping difficulties, shortages, rationing.

Workers in war factories feel the pressure of patriotic urgency, employees of many shops, restaurants, and public services are weary because of staff shortages and lack of holidays.

The very real danger of nervous fatigue can be largely warded off by wise living, and Health Week is an official effort to interest people in its simple rules.

You are being asked to get your share of fresh air and exercise, enough sleep, and to live on a sensibly balanced diet.

You might once have thought it your own business if you preferred to racket around in the sort of life that kept you below par in health and efficiency.

Now, keeping fit has become another of your wartime obligations to the nation.

Every time you are away from essential work through illness you hold up the war effort and put a further strain on your fellow workers.

Some such absences are unavoidable misfortunes. But conscience should trouble you when they result from carelessness of the health rules.

—THE EDITOR.

CHRISTMAS CARD MAY WIN £1000

Generous prizes in Red Cross appeal

An attractive Christmas card, for the price of 1/-, may win you £1000 in the Red Cross Art Union.

The Red Cross is publishing a series of Christmas cards which are colored reproductions of paintings by well-known Australian artists.

THE cards are 1/- each, made into books of six different cards costing 5/- so that every buyer of a book of cards receives one free chance to win £1000 or one of the other prizes.

Every person who receives one of these greeting cards has a chance of winning anything from £1000 to £5.

Proceeds from the sale of the cards will be spent on comforts and hospital amenities for men in the Services and prisoners of war.

The prize-money, totalling £2000, is being provided by a Red Cross well-wisher who last year made £1000 available for a similar appeal.

Last year the Red Cross published a series of Christmas cards representing all branches of the Services. Mothers, wives, friends, and business firms sent greetings to sons, sweethearts, husbands, and employees.

All the winners of last year's big prizes were young soldiers.

First prize was won by a soldier in camp in Australia. Mrs. Andrew, of Laura, sent her son a card. She was delighted to know that her Christmas greeting had brought him £500.

Raised £7500

A BUSINESS firm in Brisbane sent cards to their employees on active service.

Sapper Henry received his card in the New Guinea jungle.

A few weeks later, returning home sick and wounded, his father met him with a cheque for £250, the gift which his employer's Christmas card had won for him.

Third prize of £100 went to a lieutenant on active service.

The Christmas cards brought the Red Cross £7500, and an even bigger sum is hoped for this year.

The Art Union will be drawn on January 27, and prizes will be as follows: First, gold emblem valued at £1000; second, £350; third, £100; fourth, £50; and 100 prizes of £5 each.

Apply early for books of cards, as supplies were very quickly exhausted last year, and thousands were disappointed. Cards can be obtained at Red Cross offices, or by filling in and posting the coupon below.

£2000 RED CROSS XMAS CARD ART UNION £2000

Buy lucky Xmas Cards (tickets) NOW from Red Cross branches, or our offices, Prudential Building, 39 Martin Place, Sydney.

or FILL IN THIS COUPON AND MAIL TO-DAY. (Please write clearly.)

To Lady Gordon, President, Red Cross Xmas Card Art Union, Box 65CC, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please forward me tickets in the Red Cross Xmas Card Art Union. I enclose shillings (1/- per ticket, or 5/- per book of 6 tickets).

NAME (Mr., Mrs., Miss)

ADDRESS

I enclose 2d. stamp for return of cards.



CIGARETTES AND OTHER COMFORTS being distributed to hospital patients in New Guinea by a Red Cross representative. The Christmas Card Art Union will help the Red Cross to continue this service.

Birthday party for wounded young airman

A South African nurse writes of her work as a hospital visitor in the Middle East in this week's letters from the Services.

She is Sister Miriam Coetzee and she writes to Mrs. Bessie Prior, of Newcastle, whose son, Ronald, met the sister when he was in the Middle East with the Ninth Division.

"I've been kept very, very busy ever since I started this job of hospital visiting," Sister Coetzee writes.

"I keep a record of how many patients I visit daily, and it runs to more than a thousand each week.

"I write to next-of-kin for all lads who are too ill to do so personally or who have their arms in plaster.

"It's a grand job, and I'm really very humbly thankful to merciful Providence for having deemed me worthy to do this.

"I witness a lot of suffering and agony, and how myself to sleep very many nights.

"We have had three batches of repatriated prisoners of war back from Italy.

"What those poor boys haven't gone through! I met quite a few Aussies who came back.

"Last night I heard that a little Air Force pilot was having his twenty-first birthday to-day.

"Poor kid, he was shot down about three weeks ago, and his face and

right arm were badly burnt. His arm had to be amputated three days ago.

"I went into town this morning, bought a birthday cake and some flowers, and took them to the R.A.F. hospital this afternoon.

"You should have seen the kid's face when I came into the ward!

"Two big tears rolled over his cheeks, and he just said, 'Miriam, who told you?'

"I invited the sister, the wing-commander who did the operations, the padre, and all the up-patients, and we had a lovely party.

"It is such a little thing, but it meant so much to him, and I had a lovely afternoon."

Driver Colin Glozier, somewhere in Australia, to his wife in North Bankstown, N.S.W.:

"I SAW the Tivoli show the other night up the track.

"It was very good, too, and a great break for the boys.

"We had to take our own seats. I have a butter-box complete with chaff bag seat.

"There was a stage on wheels, arranged very artistically, with pink material for curtains.

"There were the usual Tivoli jokes and two girl acrobats who were really good. Then there was a conjurer, a magician doing disappearing tricks, and a hillbilly girl.

"But I thought the hit of the evening was Jenny Howard. She was just great.

"The Tivoli ballet was—well, words fail me.

"After over 12 months of looking at shrubs, they were very easy on the eye, and, going by the cheers, most

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

SEND us the letters you receive from your men and women in the Services. They will provide interest and comfort for others who wait for news.

As an acknowledgment, The Australian Women's Weekly pays for every letter, extract, and photograph published. Minimum payment for long letters is £1, and for brief extracts, 2/-.

Hundreds of our readers have used these payments to send extra comforts to servicemen.

of the other boys seemed to think the same.

"After the show we moved on a bit, and had bully beef, bread and jam and a mug of tea to round off a great night's fun."

Cpl. K. O'Brien to his sister, Pte. P. O'Brien, A.A.M.W.S., Toowoomba, Qld.:

"WE had an issue of bread the other day. We almost failed to recognise such an unfamiliar object as a loaf of bread, but we weren't long in overcoming the shock and trying it out.

"It was rather damp and inclined to tounge of mould, also rather battered about, but we enjoyed it in spite of that.

"At the same time they dropped some fresh eggs for us, but, much to our dismay, the parachute failed to open.

"There's egg scattered all over the countryside, and we have asked them to send the fowls in future, as the eggs might travel better then."

F/O. A. R. Tubbenhauer, in the Middle East, to his mother, Mrs. D. Tubbenhauer, 36 Cliff Rd., Collaroy, N.S.W.:

"THE latest craze is keeping and training hunting spiders and scorpions.

"Matches are arranged between them for the sum of five plasters a time.

"The hunting spiders are like those big ones at home in every way except their coloring and their jaws.

"The latter are most remarkable, as they have two sets of extremely powerful jaws about a quarter of an inch long.

"These they use to carve up their victims into numerous small pieces.

"For a time I was the owner of the champion, 'Grey Demon' it was called, and I had issued challenges to all the mess at five plasters a time to produce a competitor for the title.

"Unfortunately, 'Grey Demon' was killed while undergoing a commando course with a scorpion, so I am no longer owner and trainer of a champ."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

Film Reviews

★★ NO TIME FOR LOVE

A SPRIGHTLY comedy-romance, that moves along at a zesty pace, and features a cast that should make its appeal certain.

As an ace magazine photographer, Claudette Colbert acts vivaciously and wears some delectable clothes to delight feminine audiences. Fred MacMurray, as the slightly bewildered workman, does a competent job, and provides a nice foil for Claudette.

The theme is a light-hearted affair—but witty, diverting, and entertaining.

Particularly effective and amusing is the dream sequence during which Claudette has a vision of Fred as a super-Superman.

The supporting roles are well handled by a capable team of players, headed by brittle and dynamic Ika Chase as Claudette's sister—a portrayal that fits her neatly. Richard Hayden does well in a minor role, and June Havoc makes a delightfully dizzy showgirl—Prince Edward, showing.

★★ SONG OF THE ISLANDS

IF you like your entertainment light as air, well seasoned with comedy, romance, and catchy songs, and presented in lush technicolor—then this film is your dish.

Betty Grable and Victor Mature make an eye-filling romantic pair, and if Betty's dancing is not quite up to standard, her blonde beauty should compensate for any shortcomings.

The comedy angle is deftly handled by Jack Oakie, and he is ably abetted by portly native, Hilo Hattie, recent entertainer with Harry Owens' Band.

Thomas Mitchell turns in his usual good performance as the happy-go-

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average

lucky and peppery Irishman, and George Barbier's hard-headed business magnate is an effective foil.

The tale is set on a South Sea island (with all the glamorous tropical trimmings) which seems rather vague and remote these days, but even though you will remember little about the film a week later, you'll find it's tonic fare. — Empire; showing.

★ THE MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD

THE theme of this film is pure froth, and merely provides a tiresome excuse for a lot of good-natured confusion.

What little story there is revolves round a gentle, small-town lawyer who is far too soft-hearted for his own good. Discovering that creditors can't be impressed by kindness, he decides to simulate meanness—and makes good.

There are obvious possibilities for rollicking entertainment in this film, but it has been badly bungled, and the gags are few and far between. Even the appearance of such diverting comedians as Jack Benny and Rochester does little to relieve the monotony, although there are a few amusing sequences.

Edmund Gwenn does moderately well in a far-fetched characterization, and Priscilla Lane makes an insipid heroine. —Civic; showing.

MEXICALI ROSE

SERVED up by Republic with haphazard taste, even the Gene Autry fans are going to find this little number pretty hard to take.

The boys are still occupied in making the West a better place in which to live—this time by ridding the Mexican border of a spurious oil company. Autry is no doubt a worthy soul, but as a dashing hero he doesn't make the first grade, and Noah Beery's benevolent bandit characterization goes way back to the serial days. Once in a while Smiley Burnette introduces some labored humor, and Luana Walters makes frenzied efforts to be an irresistible Mexican heroine. —Capitol; showing.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are trying to clear **PRINCESS NARDA:** And Teller Smith of charge of theft.

Real thief is hypnotist Grando, Mandrake's ex-assistant, who plants jewels on Mandrake. Chief of Police tries to arrest Mandrake, who disappears, and confuses him with magic. Grando hires two toughs.

NOW READ ON:



FIVE-YEAR-OLD screen discovery

Margaret O'Brien has received a medal from the Canadian Government in appreciation of her excellent work in a recent bond drive. The medal bears a likeness of the King on one side and a personal citation on the other.

ON a recent visit of Army hospitals, Brian Donlevy entertained former film star Freddie Bartholomew, who is in plaster cast due to a dislocated vertebra.

AN interesting list of new films was announced this week. Monogram are starting on a picture based on the famous child's story, "Black Beauty." Claude Rains has been selected to play opposite Bette Davis in Warner's "Mr. Skeffington." Barbara Stanwyck and Charles Boyer are romantically teamed in Universal's "One Night With You." Arturo de Cordoba is signed to play Spanish pirate in "Spanish Main." Fred MacMurray is the only man in "Girls' Town," which is the story of five hundred factory girls.

PRODUCER Darryl Zanuck is an ardent collector of war relics, and recently added to his collection a branch of the olive tree where the Italian armistice was signed.

Songs of prairie and mountain as radio feature

Popular with outback listeners

Cowboy and hillbilly songs are combined with tales of Western life in "Hillbilly Johnny," a Friday night radio feature from 2GB.

THESE two types of song should not be confused. Hillbilly songs are the songs of the men of the mountains, particularly of the Kentucky hills, and cowboy numbers are the songs of the prairies.

Nevertheless, they can be linked together as part of the folk music of America.

Both types are popular with country listeners. There seems to be something in the humor and melody that appeals to people of the outback anywhere in the world.

Artists such as Gene Autry, Wilf Carter, Buddy Williams, Big Bill Campbell, and the Hillbilly Band provide the music.

These yodelling jackeroos sing

numbers which often mention Texas, generally considered to be the home of the genuine cowboy.

Cowboys have a language all their own, and some of their pet terms and phrases, and their origins, are explained by John Walker, who composes the session, which comes on at 8.30 p.m.

Smiling Billy Blinckhorn, rough-riding, sweet-singing cowboy from Canada, is another of the artists. Billy came to Australia some years ago.

He appeared in the 2GB Early Morning Session, and has since married an Australian girl and settled down to singing Hillbilly songs. He has written a Hillbilly number called "Poor Ned Kelly."

Gene Autry, best known of the artists featured, is of Irish-French

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, October 27: Reg Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, October 28: (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."
FRIDAY, October 29: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Goss of Melody.
SATURDAY, October 30: Goodie Reeve presents Radio competition, "Melody Fairground."
SUNDAY, October 31 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, November 1: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, November 2: Musical Alphabet.

ancestry, and for five consecutive years he has been America's Public Cowboy No. 1.

He has written more than 200 songs, including many of those used in his 52 pictures.

There are cowgirls, too, who are doing a good job in the West while the boys are away, and these sing cowboy numbers the way they should be sung.

PEA-PICKING IS SOOTHING SAYS GIRL

Contest at Port Macquarie arouses district great pitch excitement



SPECTATORS lined the fence of the adjoining paddock for the women's pea-picking contest, held at Port Macquarie.



MRS. A. GIBSON (left), of Port Macquarie, and Lillian Farrow, Armidale, student teacher. They each won a £3 prize. Miss Farrow, who is 19, did six weeks' farm work in her last summer holiday.



ICE-CREAMS for Betty Taylor, Harbor, from "Wille, the who has three children."



AT LUNCH. Mrs. J. F. Campbell (left), Mrs. M. Burt, Mr. C. Crane, of the Agricultural Dept.

MR. HARRY TOLHURST, 74, old-age pensioner, with youngest competitor Lorraine Lee, 15 (right), and Valerie Northcott. Mr. Tolhurst went to dance at night when prizes were presented.

Pictures by
MOLLY LUKE

By
DOROTHY DRAIN

Never again shall I shell a green pea with nonchalance. I shall wonder whether it is a Gem or a Greenfeast, was its picker a one-hander or a two-hander, and did she leave a nice, clean vine.

That's the effect of last week's women's pea-picking contest at Port Macquarie. Believed to be the first of its kind in Australia, it was arranged by Mr. D. M. Shand, organiser of the Women's Agricultural Security Production Service, and the Port Macquarie Vegetable Growers' Association.

The entrants ranged from grandmothers to a girl aged 15.

NO Melbourne Cup excitement aroused more interest than this eight-hour contest did in Port Macquarie.

For the week-end before the event, and until last favorite, Thelma Batchelder, romped home with 13 bushels of 5 pounds, conversation in the district was practically confined to peas, the weather and the entrants' prospects.

There was talk of stayers and sprinters and dark horses who practice picking, were concerned their form by "loafing" along at bushels or so (enough to give me or me backache for a week).

Molly Luke (who took our photographs) and I learned enough technique to be forever scornful of any city backyard picker who, in words of a Port Macquarie farmer, "goes through the rows like a threshing machine."

We became quite as frenzied about the weather prospects as the farmers, competitors, and organisers. On the side we learned about pulling and carrot pulling, heard a mammoth specimen carrot described as a "baby" to the three and-a-half-pounders on some else's farm.

And as a result of this concentration on agriculture I am in a position to state that a "Dai" is necessarily a tyre or an apartment.

It's the kind of unfilled pea that no housewife cares to find among her shilling-a-pound bag from the greengrocer.

On the day of the contest the honeymooners and the holiday makers in the hotels abandoned their surf and fishing to join the crowd of local residents, children



WEIGHING the bags. Mr. R. G. Clarke, weight scrutineer, with Mrs. Jean Worth, of Port Macquarie (left), and Thelma Batchelder. Mrs. Worth has three children, works as Wasp four days a week.



SEWING BAGS. These three Wasps, non-competitors, May Braithwaite, Phyl Duck, and Hilda Atkin, helped sew bags. Hilda, whose home is in Armidale, does farm jobs full time, used to be waitress.

CHAMPION

at Macquarie
to a



"HARD on the hands," these entrants tell Mr. W. Wesley, 82, who is one of oldest identities of the district. From left: Misses J. Northcott, L. Farrow, and Mrs. J. Ward. Mrs. Ward has three sons; the eldest 17.



MRS. EDDIE CUNING, one of the competitors, demonstrates her method of picking for her husband, on whose farm the contest was held.

al dogs who made the two-mile trip along the red bush road to Mr. Cuning's farm at Tacking. There were there at 7.30 a.m., when summer struck on an iron rail the start to the 29 contestants, all stationed at the tops of their and rows.

For midday 21-year-old Thelma Batchelder, known as "Oberon" because that's her home district, had a very that would have done credit to a professional golfer.

The farmers beamed as they displayed Thelma's speed, clean picking (no old white peas or flats in her baskets), and handling of the peas.

Judge's praise

STANDING up, her fair head bent almost to the ground, she picked rapidly with both hands and took a break before midday.

"Beautiful to watch," said one of the farmer-judges. "See, she uses the fingers of both hands"—demonstrating the gentle way Thelma Batchelder picked the pods with her thumb into the fingers.

Twenty-two-year-old Mr. William Batchelder said: "I've picked peas in my young days, besides splitting them, but never at my best could I have kept up with that girl!"

Mr. Wesley has lived in Port Macquarie all his life, and has the flower garden of the district.

Thelma says she "loves picking" and seems to find it soothing, just as some people do knitting.

It didn't strike me that way, as I watched the pickers, the sweat running down their faces and the red soil griming them from head to foot.

In fact, it looked as hard a day's work as you'd see anywhere.

But Thelma says that if you want a week to pass quickly you should spend it picking peas.

On her father's farm at Edith, near Oberon, she has picked 20 bushels in a day. She doesn't know how many hours she worked, but she started soon after daylight.

Since her mother died 15 months ago, she has kept house for her father and 18-year-old sister (her brother is in the Army). At home she usually gets up before dawn, milks cows, does some housework, and then works on the farm till dark.

Thelma had the first prize (£25) sewn up by the lunch-hour break, when Wasps and onlookers pick-nicked under the trees, and the Minister for Agriculture (Mr. Dunn) addressed the visitors from a lorry in the adjoining paddock.

But by the afternoon break the second and third and the five consolation prizes were in as much doubt as a bunched fish coming up the straight at Randwick.

The judges perspired over their papers as they walked up and down the rows noting points. By this time they were nearly as weary as the competitors.

It wasn't until the finish at 5 p.m. that Joan Northcott, 20, of Port Macquarie, with 338lb., was established as second, with Marjorie



SECOND prize went to Joan Northcott, 20, of Port Macquarie. Joan works on farms as Wasp five days a week; is usher at picture show two nights; looks after her own acre of beans in spare time.

Searle, of Macksville, a mere four pounds and 3 of a point behind!

Joan is an usher at the picture theatre in Port Macquarie for two nights a week, works as a Wasp for five days.

Marjorie, who was in a factory for a while, now helps her mother on the farm, goes out harvesting on other farms, and is secretary of the Macksville Wasp branch.

You can understand the fever about this event better if you know Mr. Don Shand, organiser of the Wasps.

Mr. Shand, who prefers to describe himself as a "plain cockle," started the organization 17 months ago at Armidale, with ten girls working on his own farm.

Now there are 1300 girls working in districts all over the State.

He has travelled thousands of miles, and so have his two girl assistants, 21-year-old Dulcie Edwards



WINNER. Thelma Batchelder won the pea-picking contest at Port Macquarie with 369lbs. in eight hours, and was also judged a model picker on points.



THIRD PRIZE to Marjorie Searle, of Macksville. With her is Mr. D. M. Shand, organiser of the Wasps, who arranged contest. Mr. Shand hopes to arrange a similar all-Australia event.

and 24-year-old Mary Burt, both of Armidale, organising branches throughout the State.

The branches work with the co-operation of the District War Agricultural Committees, which are run under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture.

Nowadays, when they talk in the country centres about sending out a swarm of wasps to someone's farm to save a crop, they mean these girls, who are auxiliary to, though not part of the Land Army.

They do similar work to that of the Land Army, but they stay in their own home towns, and answer calls for help on the farms.

Some are full-time workers, some are rostered for whatever days they can spare.

The girls have no uniform, though they expect shortly to have badges. They are paid where possible on piecework.

For her 13 odd bushels, besides the £25 prize, Thelma Batchelder received 32/6 (at 2/6 a bushel).

They drive tractors, plough, sow, plant, and harvest, and do all kinds of farm work.

In the Port Macquarie area, Mr.

Shand says that the 150 Wasps have increased production—through saving crops which might have been lost—by 800 per cent.

We met, for instance, 20-year-old Jackie Brest, who did our hotel room; 18-year-old Dossie Blair, who sold us papers at the newsagent's; and Mrs. C. Chalmers, who was stranded in Australia when she and her husband, then a Shanghai business man, now in the R.A.A.F., came here on leave before the Japanese war.

Jackie Brest gives up her day off, on which she earns more as a farm worker than in her hotel job. Dossie recently returned from six weeks' pulling corn at Armidale. Mrs. Chalmers, who has a five-year-old son, lives at the hotel and harvests four days a week.

There were grandmothers in the contest, such as Mrs. St. Clair, president of the Port Macquarie branch. There were wives of servicemen, and mothers of several children.

All of them did a good day's work, and there were few who didn't remove the red dust of the pea patch, don party frocks, and transform themselves into glamor girls for the dance that finished the day.

No Place for a Woman

Continued from page 5

SOMETHING inside Bill snapped. He went to the warehouse doorway. They were coming towards him, walking slowly. He saw Ann speak to Nick, and saw Nick shake his head, frowning. Then she turned from him and stopped.

"Bill," she said, "Nick wants to show me the Djuka village. He says he'll row me across the lake."

"No," Bill said.

Plenty Nick asked, "No? Why not?" There was red beneath his dark skin.

"Because we leave those people alone. You know that."

Nick's black eyes flashed as he turned to the girl. "Ann, you've got a right to say where you go in this camp. If you want to come along," he said.

"No, Nick. Not now. Bill," she asked, "where are you going?"

"To the power plant."

"Then I'll go with you." She came to him and took his arm.

They were beyond the camp when she stopped.

"Why have you stayed away from me?" she asked.

"I've been busy."

"No," she said, "I'm afraid it isn't that. You asked me to wait, and I have waited — too long. There's something wrong here, very wrong. I see only one thing to do. I'm going back to Paramaribo. If I have to, I'll bring in an attorney to see what you've done."

"You didn't get that idea all by yourself," he said. "Just how are you going to make that trip? There's no other plane in this country but mine."

She gasped. "So that's it! You think there's nothing I can do. Well, all right!" She wheeled from him, paused, went on. He watched her go.

Coming back from the power plant later, he heard her moving inside her hut behind her closed door. He knew now he couldn't wait much longer. He'd have to tell her everything, no matter what happened, before she got involved

in some crazy plan. But to-night he had already set himself a job.

A little after nine o'clock he walked along the row of huts.

At the last one he stopped and went in. Seven men were around the table, playing. "Where's Nick?" he asked.

"Don't know, boss," one man said.

"All right." Outside he turned back, moved by a quick suspicion.

But the girl's hut was quiet. He thought of Nick working on the plane that day. When he reached it, a look inside showed all compartments empty. His suspicion was sharp, but he was wasting time from the dredge.

Walking fast along the lake, he ducked beneath a cable that anchored the dredge to the shore, and the next moment came to a halt. The punt was gone. Fifty yards out he could see the dredge's black hull. If this was a trick, it was smart! Without the punt a man wouldn't try swimming, not with the crocodiles in this pond.

Suddenly he wheeled back. Low over his head was the cable running to a derrick on the dredge. His long arms swung him out, hand over hand.

The black hull was taking shape now, the rumble and rattle were louder in his ears. He was almost to the tall derrick post when abruptly all sound cut off. He swung himself the last short distance, let go, and dropped. This was the forward deck, and even as he landed he saw the deck hand stationed here spin around, heard him yell, "Watch!"

There was only that word before Bill hit him once and leaped past the chain of the buckets into the big room. In it two men were caught as dead still as the machines.

The other was up on the platform with his grease can. It was Pinky, the aft deck hand, who was out of place, standing at the choice box holding a coco mat in his hands.

That mat was dry and clean. Bill

stepped forward, and then he saw the wet mat lying on the floor, its coating of fine gold yellow in the electric light.

"All right, Pinky," he said. "That's what I wanted to know." A quick wash in the cleaning-up sink would have given as much as five hundred dollars in gold. He could see the kid was scared. He stepped close.

"Where've you got the rest of it cached? This isn't the only time."

"The deck hand's face went white. 'I haven't—I can't—'"

"Bill caught him around the neck. 'I asked you where!'"

"I haven't got it!" The high voice gasped. "I've been losing it! I'd lost my pay. I only wanted to get it back."

A sudden look in the deck hand's eyes made Bill turn his head. Nick stood in the doorway behind him, holding a run.

"That's right," he said. "Let it to Nick Delano. So have plenty of others. Isn't it too bad you're a little late? Kid," he said to Pinky Martin, "clean up the mat. Put the stuff in the bag." He grinned.

"So now you know."

"You're smart, Nick," Bill said. "I've never forgotten that. But this time you're pretty dumb."

Nick's grin died. "I'm not so dumb I don't know your crooked game in this camp. You wouldn't hold out on a girl, would you?"

Bill watched the gun, his mind working. "The dumb thing you did," he said, "was coming out here to-night. Because you won't get away, Nick. I've been to the plane. It won't fly, not—"

There was an instant when Nick was off guard, hearing that. Bill didn't finish. He swung a coco mat, hit the gun into the air, and let his fist drive one blow at Nick's jaw. He slumped on the floor as the other came running from his platform.

Breathing heavily, Bill said, "The him up," and nodded at Nick Delano. Then he turned to the clean-up room and looked inside. There was a brown leather bag on the floor. He didn't need to open it to know it contained gold. Out in the machine-room again, he said to McDonald, "I'll be back soon."

To Pinky Martin and the other he said, "Go on, now, get back on your jobs!"

Poling himself ashore in the punt, he bridged time to a certain moment. Things seemed clear enough: Nick was getting out with the girl to-night, believing she had a big interest here, promising to help her, and all that went with that.

He came to Ann's door and knocked. The door opened, and she gasped. "Bill!"

He wasn't aware how he looked after his flight. He stepped into the room. On her bed were two dresses and a pair of stockings. Her trunk was open, packed.

ALL at once things began to let go inside him. "No," he said, "you aren't flying out with Nick to-night. I've been trying not to tell you. This makes it different. Your brother owned nothing in this camp. Pete lied. He built up a story to make you proud of him, and you were. That's why I couldn't talk, wanting to save you." He grimaced. "Save you—that's good!" His eyes dropped to the dresses on her bed.

Her eyes followed that look, came back to his face slowly. Stunned anger was in them.

"No," she shook her head. "I guess I'm the fool, after all." There was no sign of the blow that Bill had thought the truth would give her. Quietly she said, "I understood Peter. I should have known."

Her dark eyes had only a grave courage. "It doesn't matter, that part, about not having anything here, I mean. And I owe you an apology for coming into your camp as I did. I'll go whenever you say."

Control made his voice ragged. "You needn't," he said. "It's crazy for me to hope. This is the only kind of life there'll ever be, maybe. Wild places all over the world. It's crazy for me to think a woman would follow my tracks around." He stopped.

She sat still, waiting; then her husky voice reached him. "You're wrong. There's one who would."

(Copyright)

Mystery Stalks the Roof

Continued from page 4

I MADE a move.

"I'll call him," he said, and was just starting to hurry down the hall when we heard a loud and alarming knocking at the front door. The young man opened it again.

There entered then a disturbed and grim-looking officer in a blue uniform. Later I found that the local police regularly patrolled the ground of the convalescent inn.

"I got to see Doctor Burch, quick," the man was saying. "Tell him Constable O'Conner wants him. Tell him there's a man dead in his tulip bed."

"I know. I was just going to call my uncle. I'm his nephew, Rufus Keyes," the young man said.

"You know?" the officer exclaimed.

"Yes. This lady found the body a few minutes ago."

It was as if suspicion clicked into place in the constable's brain. He said, "Huh?" and then, stepping farther into the hall: "What's that, lady? How did you know about the body? How long ago was this?"

I answered: "I was awakened about half an hour ago by the sound of something slipping off the roof."

"I'll get my uncle," Rufus Keyes said, and went down the hall.

The officer looked at me. "Listen," he said, "you're saying that you found the body of a man in the tulip bed half an hour ago and you done nothing about it—just waited around until I showed up here, and then you tell me, calm as if you'd found an old boot somebody had chucked out of a window at a cat."

I replied, with a sort of dowager-duchess McNeill dignity, that I had not allowed a half-hour to elapse while I did nothing. After hearing the sound it was some minutes before I was fully awake; after looking out of the window I put on some clothes and went at once downstairs and out. A few minutes were lost because I found myself, when I tried to go back into the house, locked out. The front door had latched after me.

"Why didn't you call somebody to go out with you?" he asked.

"I didn't want to disturb anyone until I was sure."

"Seems a funny sort of thing for a woman to do herself."

I said: "I am Mrs. McNeill. You may have heard of my husband, Doctor McNeill. He often acts as a consultant on cases which the police find rather difficult. I am not unaccustomed to situations involving sudden death."

The man grunted. "What made this fellow fall off the roof?" he asked gruffly.

"I have no idea."

"Was he up there alone?"

"I couldn't say."

"Maybe he jumped."

"Very probably." But it had been a sliding sound, not a jump, that I had heard.

"Well, it give me a start, all right," the man went on. "I was walking around the drive here and I looked over across the grass because I thought I see something moving in them laylack bushes. I think, 'Say, it looks like there's something fishy there,' and then I— Say—"

he interrupted his reminiscences and looked up at me suspiciously. "Tell off the roof, did he? What was he doing on the roof at one, two o'clock in the morning?"

"I can't tell you that." I had wondered myself.

"Anything else queer happened around here last night? A fellow doesn't just fall off the roof unless he's had too much to drink or something."

I said: "I only came here last night, and went up to bed early. As far as I knew, everything seemed normal before I went up."

"Well, I don't know," he said. "Ah—here they come now."

A door in the back of the hall opened and Doctor Burch came out, followed by Rufus Keyes. Doctor Burch is a tall old man, always troubled, always making an effort to conceal these troubles brightly for the sake of his patients. Now, in grey pyjamas and bathrobe with a long tweed overcoat on top, he looked pitifully old and frightened.

HE said as he came up to us: "But this is hideous—it is incredible! O'Conner, are you sure? Alex was absolutely all right this evening. We had a long— But perhaps he is not dead. Why are we standing here talking—delaying?"

O'Conner said, "There's no doubt he's dead, Doctor Burch," and explained how he had found him.

I looked up the stairs and saw Jill Murray coming down with a tan sport coat on over her pyjamas. She and Keyes exchanged glances.

"What's up?" she asked quietly.

"Walshied took a bad one from the roof, apparently."

"Dead?"

"Yes."

So this was the line she was going to take; that she had no idea what had happened. I didn't like it. When I looked at her with meaning and raised my eyebrows, she shook her head slightly and her eyes quite appealingly begged me not to give her away.

The constable and Doctor Burch were going out of the door. Rufus Keyes was watching me. I couldn't fathom what he was thinking of, or whether or not he knew what was in Jill's mind.

"I'll be with you in a minute," I said. "I have a telephone call to make."

"There's a telephone in the closet under the stairs," Jill told me.

"I'm going out to see if I can be of any help," Rufus Keyes said.

I nodded and went down the hall into the closet. I fumbled around for a light, felt a chain, pulled it.

and was rewarded only by a continuation of darkness. The bulb must have burned out. I opened the door and came out into the hall, meaning to see if I could find a new bulb, but I hastily went back into the closet again. In the front hall I had seen Rufus Keyes and Jill in an ardent embrace.

His gunnery head had been bent above hers, his arms clasped about her tightly. People who are about to be separated, people who love each other very deeply and rather hopelessly, kiss like that.

So I dialled my number in the dark and twice got it wrong.

"Hello," Jeffrey finally said. I knew from the hoarse sound that he was tired and that he had been in a deep sleep.

"Jeffrey, darling," I said. "How long do you suppose it would take you to get up here?"

"An hour and a quarter at this time of night would be the best I could do for the fifty miles. What's wrong, Anne? Is it Bud?"

"No, Bud's asleep."

"Is anything wrong with you? His voice was sharp and anxious."

"Not really with me, but something is rather wrong here. I found a man dead in the tulip bed."

"Dead? Dead?" He sounded puzzled and impatient, as he is when worried.

"Dead, in the tulip bed," emphasizing "tulip." He fell off the roof. I heard something that sounded like snow sliding off, and then I went outside and found him there, dead."

"What does Doctor Burch say about it?"

"I don't know. He's just gone out to see. There's a girl here who is involved in the situation in some way."

"Involved? How?"

"I can't snare it out. She wants you to come up darling. Can you?"

"If the man simply fell off the roof I see no reason for me to come up, Anne."

I realised then how much I wanted him and how upset I was by what had happened. I said: "Oh, but darling, there doesn't seem to be anything very simple about it. The girl's mother is involved in some way, too, which is very much out of character because she's president of a garden club. I mean things are very queer, really. You can feel everything awfully wrong. There are all sorts of curious undercurrents and overtones. Can't you come—"

"All right. I'll be along, then."

"Right away, please."

"Yes, right away."

Jill Murray and Rufus Keyes were gone when I came out of the closet. For a moment I thought I should go on up to my room, but then, wondering what was happening, I went out of the front door and around the corner of the house.

To be continued

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As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

OCTOBER 28 can be a lucky day for almost everybody.

Those who should benefit most of all are Librans, Scorpions, and Pisceans, with Geminians, Sagittarians, and Virgoans next in line for good fortune.

Three groups who should be wary and dodge troubles and upsets are Leonians, Taurians, and Aquarians.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): A slight improvement on recent weeks, but avoid passions just yet. October 21 (afternoon) and November 2, fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Be on guard, for you can be separated from friends and things you value just now. Be careful to avoid losses, discord, undesirable changes, new ventures, and ill-health, especially on October 21 (to midday), October 25 and 26.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): October 21 (to 1 p.m.) and October 28 (evening), can be helpful and pleasing. Consolidate your affairs on October 25.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Good week ahead, no plan wisely and act with confidence in seeking promotion, favors, changes and gains, especially on October 26 (fair), October 27 (morning), all afternoon good, evening fair, excepting between 6 p.m. and 9 p.m., and October 30 (very good from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.).

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Take no risks now if you would dodge worries, obstacles, undesired changes, discord, and delays. Routine best. Be cautious on October 28, 29, 30, and 31, November 1 and 2.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Most possibilities for progress if you act early and work hard on October 26 (afternoon), October 27 (midday), October 28, October 29 (late afternoon), and October 30 (from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.). Avoid indiscretions.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): One thing very pleasing remains now, and general pleasure prevails. October 21, morning very fair; October 23, morning, noon, and night, very good; October 24, from 2 p.m. to 8 p.m., and near midnight, good; October 27, early afternoon and then to midnight, fair.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): A week of opportunities, so act wisely. October 24, mid-afternoon, fair; October 27, morning hours very fair; October 28, can be excellent right from sunrise to midnight; October 29, morning fair, late afternoon good, but poor from dusk to 4 p.m.; October 30, very fair to 3 p.m., then good to 6 p.m. and after 11 p.m.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Moderate gains and pleasure possible this week if you work hard for them. October 27, morning fair; October 28, all day very fair; October 29, from 2 to 8 p.m. and after 11 p.m., fair; October 31, early afternoon and close to midnight, fair; November 2, next dawn and after 1 p.m., very fair.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 20): Be guarded on October 26 (evening), October 27, October 28 (doubtful), November 1 (especially avoid midnight), and November 3 (early and late). Routine best. But October 26 (afternoon), October 28 (from 2 to 8 p.m. and after midnight), and October 31 (early afternoon and near midnight) all helpful.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Every Aquarian can run into trouble this week. Caution and routine advised. Especially early October 26, October 29, October 30, and October 31, all reveal midnight November 1, and early and late November 2.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): A week for progress, gains, new ventures. October 26 (morning), very fair; October 28 (very good all day), October 29 (fair to 3 p.m., then good to 6 p.m. and after 9 p.m.), and October 30 (morning fair, then good to 8 p.m. and after 11 p.m.). Be confident now.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

F421—Smart day frock featuring the popular midriff-fitting waist-band. Note soft fullness of skirt at front. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



F421

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



DAINTY FROCK IN EYELET LINGEN

With the pattern traced clearly on well-wearing and washable eyelet lingen, in attractive shades of sage, lemon, green, pink, and white, this dainty little frock comes to you ready to cut and sew. It has a small Peter Pan collar, gathered shoulder yoke, well extended sleeves, and a slightly flared, gored skirt. Sizes 4 to 8 years, 8/3, 44 coupons; 6 to 8 years, 8/8, 10 coupons. Plus postage 4½d. Please ask for No. 406.



BABY'S FROCK

This adorable frock (No. 406) also comes to you ready to cut and sew. The pattern is traced on rayon crepe-de-chine in white only, and is available in infant's first size, and also 8 to 12 months. It features a small collar, short puff-sleeves, and a daintily embroidered front. The skirt is full and is assembled at the hemline. Infant's first size 8/11, 6-12 months, 9/6. Plus 4 coupons and 4½d. postage.



DON'T be disappointed if your needlework order doesn't reach you by return post. Under present conditions delays are unavoidable. You can be sure your order will be despatched as soon as possible.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"SONIA" SLIM-FITTING SLIP IN SATIN

A well-fitting slip, with uplift braesiore top and a plain, slightly flared skirt go to making this the perfect garment for wear beneath summer frocks. . . No bulk or wrinkles, or seam markings, to show through delicate fabrics.

It is made in a soft lingerie satin in shades of ivory, magnolia, pink, blue, green, and lemon.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34 in. bust, 22/11; 36, 24 and 40 in. bust, 24/6. Plus 4 coupons and 1½d. postage.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34 in. bust, 10/6; 36, 38, and 40 in. bust, 12/11. Plus 4 coupons and 1½d. postage.

How to obtain "SONIA": In N.W.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3480R, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States the address given on this page. When ordering, be sure to state bust, length, waist, and hip measurements, and name of model.

Fashion PATTERNS

F4510—Trimly designed pyjamas for boys 10 to 16 years of age. Requires 5½ yds. 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3282—Modish, cleverly concealing maternity frock. Size 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36 in. wide, and 3 yds. frilling. Pattern, 1/7.

F3254—Neat, slenderising frock for the matron. Sizes 38 to 44 in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3266—Carefree pinafore and blouse style for home, garden, and holiday wear. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. for pinafore, 1½ yds. 36 in. wide, for blouse. Pattern, 1/7.

F3301—Crisp, fresh style for girls 4 to 10 years of age. Requires 2½ yds. and 1 yd. contrast, 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F1721—Petticoat and panties for young misses 4 to 10 years of age. Requires 1½ yds. for petticoat, and 1½ yds. 36 in. wide, for panties. Pattern, 1/4.

SEND your order for Fashion patterns or needlework (note prices above) to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State, as under:
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide; Box 1520, G.P.O., Melbourne; Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth; Box 4060W, G.P.O., Sydney; Box 4069, G.P.O., Brisbane; Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle; Tasmania: Box 125C, G.P.O., Melbourne; N.Z.: Box 4060W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

Concession Pattern
WE regret no concession pattern is available this week. A concession pattern will be available next week.



F6683

F6683—Decorative, practical pyjamas for the smart girl and woman—the kind that can be worn around the home on arising. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. 5½ yds. 36 in. wide, 3 yds. frilling. Pattern, 1/4.



F3266



Animal Antics



"God bless Farmer Brown, God bless Mrs. Brown, and God bless all other vegetarians."



RECRUITING TOUR. Miss Coralie Poolman (Assistant State Controller of V.A.s) helps V.A. recruiting officer, Miss Dorothy Wilby, load up her car before starting on country recruiting tour.



MEMBERS of the Metropolitan Air Force Younger Set who are planning dance at Federation Hall on November 6 for their Christmas Parcel Fund: (From left) Barbara Wright, Joy Marborough, Nell de Winde, Ruth Lee, Betty Alder, Marjorie Beard, and Mary Cahill.



TO MARRY SOON. Ted Todd and his fiancée, Bette Richmond White, who will be married at end of November in Adelaide. Ted is constructional engineer of munition plants.



COMMITTEE MEETING of Free Lance Younger Set, who plan dance at Christy's on December 17 in aid of Belhaven Babies' Home. Back (from left): Sonia Goldberg, Diane Lianos, Constance Llewellyn; and (seated) Marjorie Kirkwood and Peter Sellar.

On and off DUTY.

FOR first time for many months, debutantes walk length of Town Hall for formal presentation, when Y.W.C.A. Appeal Committee holds Red, White, and Blue Ball.

Mrs. G. Muirhead-Gould presents the thirty debutantes to Lady Butler (president of Y.W.C.A.).

Red, white, and blue bunting and massed flowers in same colors decorate the hall.

Among those who bring large parties I see Mrs. Wallace Anderson, Mrs. "Wang" Osborne, Mrs. Vincent Fairfax, Mrs. Colin Wyatt, and Mrs. Reg. Bettington.

PRETTY wedding at St. James', Burwood, for Margaret Jackson and Lieut. Frederick Rush.

Bride wears lovely gown of marquisette and fine lace, and wears her grandmother's wedding veil, which, although over sixty years old, is "as good as the day it was first worn."

Bride is attended by Marjorie Brian and Dorothy Baird, who have been her friends since kindergarten days. All three attended the Methodist Ladies' College, Burwood, together.

Bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. McJ. Jackson, of Baulkham Hills, and bridegroom is the only son of Mrs. A. G. Rush, of Kingsford, and the late Mr. Rush.

TWO-STONE diamond ring set in platinum for Laura Hall, who announces her engagement to Bdr. Darrell Asher, A.I.F.

Laura, who spends her spare time as voluntary worker for St. John Ambulance, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Hall, of Coogee, and her fiancé is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Asher, of Balgowlah.

COUNTRY Market Fair and Gymkhana is arranged by Castle Hill Branch of C.W.A., at Strathalan, Castle Hill, home of Mrs. J. M. Campbell. Besides numbers of equestrian events, there is extra attraction in stalls dotted round the paddock.

President of Parramatta branch, Mrs. Neville Grainger, is in charge of refreshment stall, Mrs. R. G. MacBurney runs produce stall, Mrs. Terence Baly runs hoop-la and chocolate wheel, and Mrs. Ken Simpson is in charge of cake stall.

C.W.A. State Secretary (Mrs. Hubert Fairfax) is invited to make speech at gymkhana, which benefits C.W.A. Women's All Service Club.

AT opening of St. Paul's week-end hostel for servicemen, Joy Flower, wearing green uniform of W.E.S.C., sings "God Bless This House."

Joy is member of St. Paul's Choir, and her grandmother, Mrs. T. Flower, has been member of the choir for 50 years, and her grandfather was organist at St. Paul's for 46 years.

Hostel is opened by Mrs. Mowll.



RED CROSS SERVICE BUREAU. American Red Cross workers, Maggie Darnell and Jean De Long, at American Red Cross Service Bureau, David Jones, George Street, greet Staff-Sergeant George Gould on his arrival on furlough.

TAKING her annual leave from the Rationing Commission, Judy Denniston is holidaying with Miss Joan Abbott, of Coogee, Quirindi, at present. Her brother, "Chip" Denniston, has recently received the rank of Lieutenant-colonel.

TO dress for her wedding, A.C.W. Muriel Hunt chooses the Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen.

Muriel, who is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn Hunt, of Parkesbourne, N.S.W., marries grazier Wilbur Weatherstone, youngest son of Mrs. H. Weatherstone, also of Parkesbourne, and the late Mr. Weatherstone, at Wesley Chapel.

CHRISTENING at St. Joseph's, Neutral Bay, for Prudence Anne, baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Keys.

Baby's father is London "Daily Express" War Correspondent in the Pacific, and was The Australian Women's Weekly correspondent in Singapore, where he remained until just before its fall.

SERVICE engagement: Una Paskin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Paskin, of Penrith, to W/O. Robert Provost, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Provost, of Bungai, North Coast.

A.I.F. WEDDING. Lance-Corporal Fred Greentree, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Roma Kennedy, both from Queanbeyan.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. Mrs. Wynn Roberts and her daughter, Mrs. Bob Buckland, were among those who attended Derby Day at Randwick.

Interesting People

CAPT. F. MURCHISON
... Port of Sydney

"I HAVE always been with ships, and I am happy to be with them still," says Scotsman

Captain F. Murchison, just appointed harbor master of Port of Sydney. Went to sea at 16. At 23 commanded his first ship. Is former sea pilot. Port of Sydney, and deputy harbor master. New duties include allotting berths to overseas vessels, control of all harbor traffic.



DR. ELIZABETH TURNER
... medical superintendent

NEWLY appointed medical superintendent, Children's Hospital, Melbourne, youthful Dr. Elizabeth

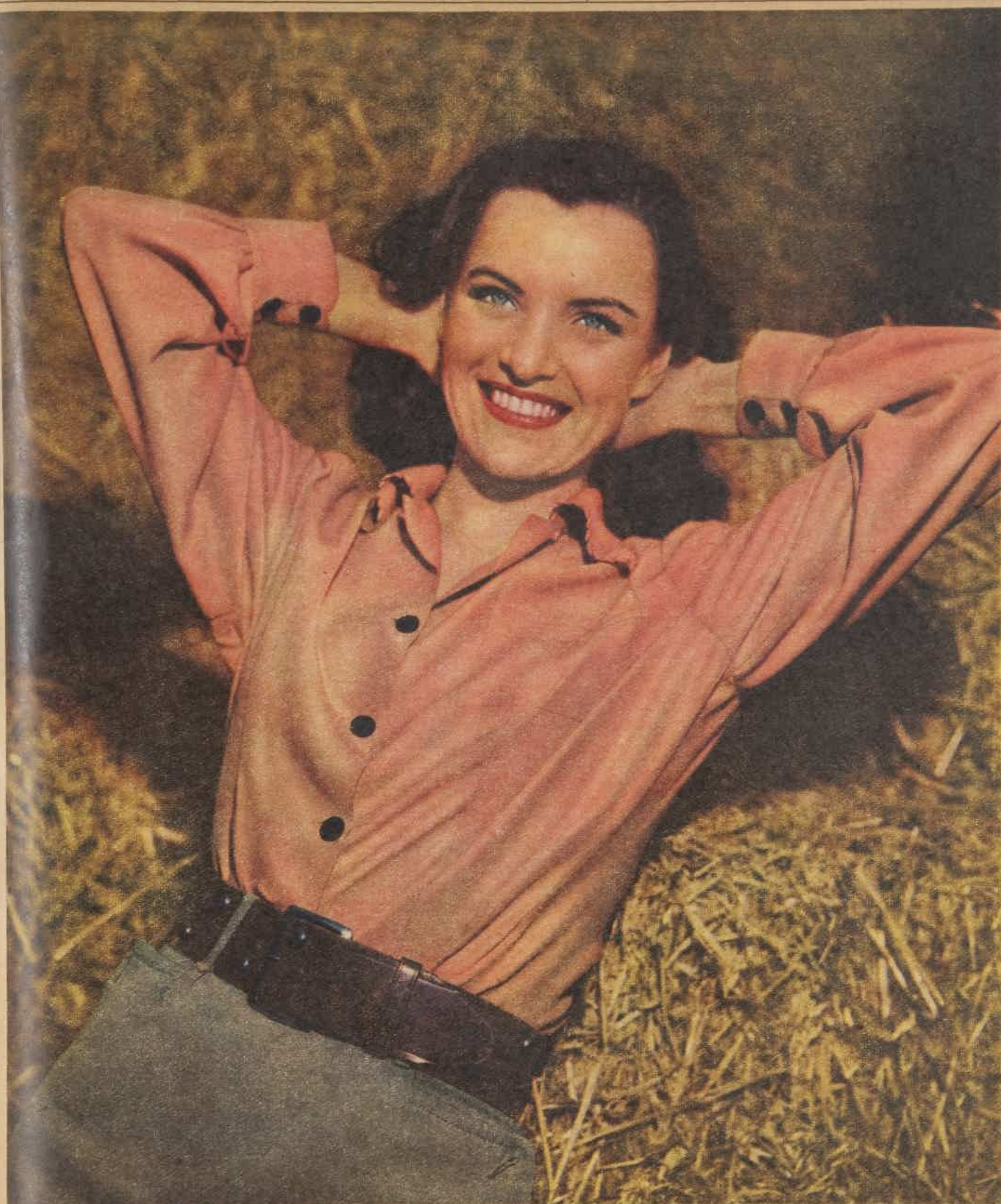
Turner is first woman to hold this post. Took medical degree at Melbourne University in 1940. Joined staff of hospital in 1941 as a resident medical officer, was subsequently assistant registrar and later registrar. Her work is mainly concerned with children's diseases.

PROFESSOR A. F. BURSTALL
... appointment to Britain

IN Britain doing special work on armaments is Professor A. F. Burstall, released from duties at Melbourne University at request of British Ministry of Supply.

Appointed to chair of engineering at University in 1937, he has been responsible for development of the school of engineering, enabling it to do important war work in fine precision work for munitions, design and manufacture of medical apparatus.





Movieworld

• Hollywood received the biggest surprise of the year when a screen unknown, 21-year-old Ella Raines, was selected for the feminine lead in Howard Hawks' "Corvette K-225," the Canadian naval epic being filmed at Universal studios. She was chosen

from 164 actresses tested for the role. Previously Ella had starred in amateur productions at the University of Washington, from which she graduated with honors in dramatic art, and had appeared in dramatic programmes on the radio in Seattle.

IF DREAMS CAME TRUE...



BUBBLES THEN TOLD PEG THAT IT'S PERSPIRATION LEFT IN UNDIES OVERNIGHT THAT WEARS 'EM OUT. A NIGHTLY DIP IN GENTLE LUX REMOVES THAT PERSPIRATION... SAFEGUARDS UNDIES, COUPONS TOO



HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Don't fear High Blood Pressure, because it can be controlled and brought to a safe level by taking a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and following the Menthoid Diet Chart. Constant headaches, poor circulation, failing sight, failing memory, dizziness, flushes, and kidney and bladder weaknesses are often caused by High Blood Pressure.

If you suffer in this way start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, the new prescription for High Blood Pressure — to relieve aches and pains, improve circulation, rejuvenate, your arteries, purify your blood, and give you new vitality.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain no drugs and are safe for the most delicate patient. Every flask of Menthoids contains the valuable diet chart which will help you. Get a 6/6 flask of 90 Menthoids (month's treatment), or 3/6 (12-day) flask of 36, from your nearest chemist or store to-day.

Be Sure to Get
Genuine DR. MACKENZIE'S
MENTHOIDS



Every penny counts . . .

Even the penny for those wishful thoughts — those serpent suggestions that a little self-indulgence would give a fine fillip to home-front morale.

The days of fine feathers are behind us — and ahead. Yesterday we might be lavish, to-morrow freedom will come again. Meanwhile, let us hold our heads high above our wartime woad and save our pennies until conscience calls 'all clear'.

The key to liberty is in our hands. The more we save, the sooner we regain our heritage. And with it the right to buy as many Tootal® fabrics as we choose including tested crease-resisting fabrics marked "Tebilized."®

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TRADE MARK & PACKAGE ARE THE GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

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Song of the Islands



1 ARRIVING at Hawaiian Island to inspect father's ranch, Jeff (Victor Mature) and pal, Rusty (Jack Oakie), mistake Eileen (Betty Grable) for kind of blonde native.



2 EILEEN'S FATHER, O'Brien (Thomas Mitchell), who owns adjoining ranch, which he runs in an easy-going fashion, invites boys to a native celebration.



3 TRYING to persuade O'Brien to sell his ranch, Jeff spends much time there, and falls in love with Eileen.



4 MEANWHILE, Rusty has his eye on a cute native girl, but is persistently pursued by stout Palola (Hilo Hattie).

5 ALL PLANS are upset by arrival of Jeff's father (C. Barbier), who quarrels with O'Brien and causes rift between Jeff and Eileen.



6 FINALLY he falls under spell of the islands, and decides to stay there for celebration of the wedding of Eileen and his son.

★ THE filming of the big feast scene in 20th Century-Fox's technicolor musical, "Song of the Islands," caused the prop director plenty of headaches. The scene called for 30 roast chickens, six whole roast pigs, eight bunches of bananas, 200 pineapples, 200lb. of grapes, 100lb. of papayas, 100 coconuts, 200lb. of fish, and 300lb. of poi. All the cast was a bit apprehensive of the feast, but director Walter Lang staged the scene at lunchtime, giving cast an opportunity to eat and act at the same time.

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

★



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20 for 2/2

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5232

The Australian Women's Weekly — October 30, 1943

Hats are on the level this season



• Yellow straw for a lovely casual summer hat with high manipulated crown, brim curving up on both sides and swathed with printed crepe tied at back with tails.



• Thick-edged beret on a tight headband—the beret tucksia with turquoise spots; the band—ending in tails at the back—is turquoise grosgrain. Could be made of your dress material or an odd scrap of fabric. Wear it level.



• Turban, 1944 version—merely a tiny draped coil worn on top of your head and straight as a die—make one to match your dress and another from an old brightly colored scarf.

• The inevitable sailor—this time done in navy-blue and white—and it must have a blunt edge to the brim. Wear it set straight and planked right on top of your head.



• A minute sailor in rough straw banded with grosgrain embroidered with spots. Match it up cleverly with a grosgrain belt of the same ribbon to wear on your dress.



• Excellent way to have a last summer's hat renovated. Add a thick edge to it with a twisted roll of contrasting velvet and a matching swathe round the crown. Turn the sides up and wear it primly straight.

Reilly

IF YOU ARE A MARRIED WOMAN

How to make sure of
"All-day" Energy.

To be "up to scratch" every day, you must make sure your system is keyed to meet the call your work makes on it. Doctor R. A. Richardson states that many breakdowns are the result of nerves, irritated by poisons and toxins that are not properly eliminated.

Headaches, lost energy, constipation, nerves, and general failing health can be quickly removed with regulated doses of R.U.R., because it contains a laxative, liver stimulant, kidney cleanser, blood purifier, and acid corrective. It cannot harm the heart or any other organ of the body.

Keep on top of your job by keeping in the "pink of good health" with R.U.R. ... R.U.R. is bound to do you good.

Take R.U.R. and Right You Are!

PHILIPS LAMPS IN EVERY SOCKET
MEAN LESS STRAIN ON EYES
AND POCKET
(MADE IN AUSTRALIA)



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PHILIPS
and SEE the difference

PHILIPS ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LIMITED
SYDNEY — MELBOURNE — ADELAIDE — PERTH — BRISBANE

A message to the women of Australia from the wife of the Prime Minister

4th Liberty LOAN

LIBERTY...
• Let's Fight For It! • Let's Save For It!
• Let's Fill The Loan For It!

LIBERTY...
• Liberty means life itself! Place it above everything. Show your appreciation of the Australian way of life by subscribing all you can to the Fourth Liberty Loan. In this way you will contribute to Australia's safety to-day and your own prosperity in the future.

Space Donated by **KAYSER**

"I'm all right," John

protested quietly. "Get's Poleon, boss. Poleon ain't here, I'm no good. Poleon's here, I'm all right."

That touched another sore spot. "Poleon!" snapped the boss. "Is Poleon the only riveter on this job? I'll fire Poleon, too, if he don't show up more regular. Lazy that's what's wrong with Poleon. I won't stand for any o' this on-again-off-again stuff on a job o' mine."

I missed this affair, because that afternoon I knocked off for a stroll in the bush.

I didn't visit the Indians—I never went up there when the men weren't present. Besides, a change had come over that little rustic paradise. The quiet was still there and the shade, and the kids playing on the bare earth by the spring. But the people were different. They talked to me in an indifferent way, as if they were thinking of something else, and there was a tenseness about them, as if they were waiting for something to happen—something that was none of my business. So I walked by the river.

About a mile away, where a wedge of wild meadow came down to the

river, I heard the voices of a man and a girl. The girl's first, singing something in a low, husky voice, rather pleasing.

Her tune ended abruptly, and I heard the man's voice low and urgent. I halted then, in a clump of alders. Poleon and Madeleine were sitting in the wild grass, making love; or perhaps I should say Poleon was making love and Madeleine taking it greedily.

I was young then, and romantic. But I was shocked.

Next day Poleon was back on the job, and the team as usual went like clockwork. I went up on the steel in the morning because the erector foreman claimed something wrong with the blueprints, and I knew quite well it was nothing more than a piece of steel wrongly marked.

From where I stood I could look down at John busily grinding the bellows crank of his smoking forge, and up at Poleon and Onesime and Gregoire sitting astride a girder on the edge of the framework.

They were in good form; it was an easy toss for John, thirty feet perhaps, and the rivets went up straight as bullets to Onesime's little bucket, tang! tang! tang! and the chatter of Poleon's hammer rose above the noise of the big job.

The erector boss said, "Jiminy! Those Indians are on to-day. If they keep it up there'll be a new day's record." And he turned to the blueprints, aware that all this demanded more speed from his bolting crew.

My eyes wandered back to Poleon and his riveting team. I watched John whip a glowing rivet out of the coals, watched the smooth swing of the tongs, the release at the end of it, and the rivet sailing up.

Now she wanted Ken desperately, as she had never wanted him before. Not because she was afraid, but because she wanted terribly to know that they had no rift between them now. If anything happened to either of them, with the unspoken "Sorry" still hanging between them! If only she could find him now, just to make sure he knew she was sorry.

She went up the street a little way, then stopped. All the blood seemed to be draining slowly from her head—down, down through her body to her feet. There was a funny, prickling sensation up and down her scalp; strange cold fingers touching her spine, and she felt horribly sick.

Where their house had stood was a gap—smoking, horrible. A crowd had collected already; but one man stood slightly apart, staring. He stood so still, he seemed almost part of the masonry—as if suddenly he had been struck where he stood, destroyed.

"Ken," she said brokenly, scrambling towards him through the debris. "Oh, Ken—"

He turned woodenly and stared at her. One or two people stared curiously, then turned away, mumbling something. You had to know when to turn away these days.

"Clare!"

It was all he said. But his arms hurt her; and all she could say was "Sorry—sorry!" over and over again senselessly, like a child.

"I tried to phone you all the afternoon," he was saying thickly, stumblingly. "The line seemed out of order. I decided to come home—I had an awful idea you were going to leave me. I was thinking—Then, when I came here and found this—" He began to tremble violently. "Oh, my darling, when I thought you—in there—"

Somebody pushed them into a car to take them round to the rest centre.

AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER
"ITS QUALITY NEVER VARIES"

Triangle in Steel

Continued from page 7

Then the swift pass of Onesime's hand and next the slam of Gregoire's bucking-up iron against the head of it, and Poleon leaning out over the abyss and the hammer's harsh song rising once more.

I don't know what made me look down at John then. He was whipping another rivet out of the forge, stepping clear for the swing. I glanced up quickly. Poleon was beginning to roll the head with an expert rotary movement of the jumping hammer, and Gregoire bearing hard on the bucking-up iron, and Onesime crouched on the girder beside them, watching the rolling of the head, as he always did. Puzzled, I looked down again, as John swung his tongs. I saw them open, saw the bright red rivet flying upward, saw John poised for a moment in the intent follow-through, saw him break the pose sharply and busy himself with the forge. All this in seconds.

The rivet took Poleon full in the face; he gave a cry, not very loud, a sharp "Ha!" and threw up his hands. He seemed to launch himself into space like a diver into a pool, but with hands clutched to his face.

He floated downward slowly—it was incredible how slowly—as if he cared no more for the law of gravity than the law of man and wife, and far down he flung out his arms like a bird launched from the nest.

When the delayed thud of his fall came up to me, it was followed by a confusion of shouts from the mucker gang, and the human ants swarmed. One after another the sounds of machinery halted until there was a vast and awful silence over the whole job. You could have heard the drop of a nail anywhere.

Say You're Sorry

Continued from page 2

There would be tea, they said kindly, and a good fire and plenty of blankets, if they felt a bit upset.

"Queer!" said one onlooker curiously. "Anybody would think Jerry had just left them a fortune instead of blowing their house to smithereens! Just look at their faces! Must be the shock. Turned their heads a bit, eh? Look downright happy, the two of 'em!"

She held his hands very tightly there in the car. They might have been driving to church, or to a happy holiday together. Over and over

again she said slowly, staring at him:

"I went to tell you I was sorry, Ken—just went to tell you I was sorry—that's all."

He had never been one for words. All he could say, smiling, was: "Just shows you."

But she knew now, she understood. The old Clare who had first known how to love this man understood. She could see his heart behind his stumbling words. She too, could whisper that prayer of thankfulness which lay in his heart, but could not reach his lips.

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Unsightly PIMPLES
CLEARED Away



Rexona Ointment — still made from exactly the same ingredients and packed in new handy jars.

1/6

Rexona's S4X healing medicaments make it the perfect remedy for all skin troubles.



Keeping your baby beautiful

● Fresh air, sunshine, daily exercise, regularity in all things, and loving care, all contribute to baby's beauty.

By
OUR MOTHERCRAFT NURSE

TO you your babe is the most beautiful thing on earth, and you want to do all in your power to keep it so.

A clear, healthy skin is one of beauty's greatest assets, so you should take especial care of baby's skin.

Never use strong soaps and cheap talcum powder, and do not have irritating materials, such as flannel or wool, next to the skin.

In washing your babe's face use a very soft cloth and luke-warm water. Hot water enlarges the pores, and makes the skin liable to chaps, while cold water fails to cleanse properly.

Do not use soap for the face when baby is very young, as it may get into the eyes. But the active little toddler who gets healthily dirty requires more energetic cleansing.

You should wash the face well with warm water and a little very fine soap, and then rinse with cold water to close the pores.

Sunlight is health-building, and the babe who sleeps outside in the daytime has the rosiest cheeks, but repeated sunburn hardens and coarsens the skin, so you must protect baby's face from the direct rays of the sun, and, if necessary,

occasionally apply a cold cream, gently massaging it in, and wiping off before washing the face again.

The eyes as well as being the highly sensitive organs of your baby's little body are also the most beautiful, and they need your particular attention.

The care of a baby's eyes begins the moment it is born, and for the first few weeks of its life you must watch them very carefully, and report any discharge or inflam-

A BEVY OF BEAUTY . . . As you can see, these babes are revelling in the sunshine and fresh air during their play hour. Aren't they adorable?

mation to your doctor and carefully follow out any given instructions.

Simple eye-complications are a blocked tear-duct (when there is always a tear in the eye), and squinting, which is common in the early weeks until the babe learns to focus its eyes properly and the little eye muscles become stronger.

You should get advice regarding a blocked tear-duct, also for squinting if it persists.

Be most careful always to protect your baby's eyes well from a strong glare, using a small, soft, linen hat with a dark-lined shady brim, as soon as your baby can wear one.

Never let baby face a glare of light from a window, and see that lighting is properly arranged for your school child.

Ears that "stick out" from the head do not aid beauty, so always be careful to see that the ears do not get doubled back when you put baby down to sleep, and be careful how you adjust bonnet or cap. Special mualin caps can be had to correct any tendency for the ears to stick out.

Bright, glossy hair, whether straight or curly, shows good nutrition, and is an asset to beauty.

Particular care must be paid to the scalp in the first few weeks to prevent dandruff, and the scalp needs to be massaged well.

The two things you need to consider in caring for the hair are cleanliness and a good brushing daily, and later an arrangement that suits the hair and the type of face.

Beauty cannot be complete without good teeth, and you must realise that the care of your baby's teeth rests with you long before your babe is born.

If you study your own nutrition, and give your babe his natural food for the first few months you will be playing your part.

Then later teach your babe good mastication, give hard foods, teach him dental hygiene, educating him to brush his teeth invariably after eating.

The chief points of your baby's beauty culture are a clear, healthy

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks hide.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else.



Keep White Shoes WHITE!



Off-colour shoes can ruin an otherwise perfect picture. Be sure of your smartness . . . use **Shu-Milk**. It removes the dirt, dries quickly and evenly, gives your shoes a soft snow-white smartness that gives you complete confidence in your appearance.



IN BOTTLES AND TUBES
6D. AND 1/-

Shu-Milk

CLEANS ALL WHITE SHOES

Don't Spend—LEND!

Invest in
WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES
or
WAR LOAN BONDS.

DO YOU KNOW?



JAVANESE TEETH were filed down as a ceremonial rite, in order to pay homage to the Prophet Mahommed, who is said to have had teeth filed in this manner. Mahommed also commanded his followers: "You shall clean your mouth, for this is a means of praising God".

THE FINNS believed that dental decay was caused by the tooth worm, which they called the "evil hacker of teeth".

ESKIMOS

of Hudson's Bay believe that if bear's teeth are sewn on a boy's shirt he will never be afraid of bears.

KEEP YOUR TEETH free from food deposits and you prevent decay. Twice-daily brushing with Kolynos, that's the secret. If you prefer tooth powder, get Kolynos Tooth Powder. Its superlative texture safeguards enamel.



KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM and TOOTH POWDER

A clinging loveliness

that defies
busy days

You'll go through the rush and bustle of your busiest days without a single complexion worry if you use Three Flowers Face Powder. . . . Finer, lighter, smoother and petal soft, "Three Flowers" provides a clinging veil of loveliness that keeps your complexion looking its best for hours on end without attention.



Perfect your make-up with smooth textured "Three Flowers" Face Creams.



If you live in Victoria, S.A. or W.A., you'll find difficulty in obtaining "Three Flowers" Face Powder and Creams. . . . But don't worry too much—the shortage is due only to war-time conditions and will be overcome just as soon as possible.

three flowers

FACE POWDER AND CREAMS

RICHARD HUDNUT: LONDON, NEW YORK, SYDNEY

For your health's sake

SERVE SALADS MORE OFTEN!

● Are you guarding your family's health? Get the daily salad habit and supplement with milk, eggs, cheese, meat, and whole cereals.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**
Food and Cookery Expert to
The Australian Women's Weekly

SALAD MENUS

Menu 1

Clear Beef Broth.
Raw Cauliflower Salad.
Brown Bread Cheese Sandwiches.
Frosted Rhubarb Shape.

Menu 2

Chilled Tomato Juice.
Vegetable Trio Salad.
Cold Pumped Lamb.
Mint Sauce.
Coffee Sponge.

Menu 3

Cold Stuffed Veal.
Beet and Orange Salad.
Chocolate Dream.
Iced Black Coffee.

Menu 4

Cold Seasoned Breast of Mutton.
Cabbage and Pineapple Salad.
Sliced Apple Cake.

Menu 5

Grilled Mushrooms on Toast.
Club Egg Tomatoes with Lettuce.
Grated Turnip and Potato Salad.
Vanilla Snow.

Menu 6

Green Pea-pod Soup.
Tomatoes, stuffed with sliced
Brain and Potato, Lettuce, Pars-
ley Dressing.
Brown Bread and Butter.
Fruit Drink.

Menu 7

Orange and Rhubarb Juice
Cocktail.
Sliced Cheese and Egg Salad with
grated Carrot and Pineapple.
Raisin Cookies.

BEAN MEDLEY SALAD

Two cups cooked haricot beans, 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup sliced red radish, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 sliced hard-boiled egg, mayonnaise to moisten, pepper and salt.

Mix the vegetables and eggs, and moisten with mayonnaise. Season with pepper and salt, and pile into a salad bowl lined with crisp lettuce leaves.

CHOCOLATE DREAM (With Frosted Grapes)

Three eggs, 1 cup milk, 1oz. chocolate, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1½ tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, small clusters of sweet grapes, 1 egg-white, fine sugar. Separate the egg-yolks and whites. Soften the gelatine in the cold water. Melt the chocolate in the milk. Pour over the beaten egg-yolks and sugar. Cook over boiling water until the mixture just coats the spoon. Add the softened gelatine, stirring until dissolved. Cool, and, when beginning to set, add the stiffly beaten egg-whites and vanilla. Pour into a mould to set. Dip the grape clusters in the slightly beaten egg-white; when nearly dry, shake fine granulated sugar over them. Unmould the chocolate shape and surround with frosted grapes. Garnish with tiny grape-vine leaves and tendrils.



SEASON TOMATO CASES with pepper, salt, and a spot of onion before piling with cold, minted green peas.

AVOID salad sameness. Vary vegetable combinations, colors, arrangement, and dressing flavors.

If the main meal of the day is a salad meal—and it might well be so several times a week in mid-summer—include satisfying ingredients in the salad platter.

A prelude to the salad might be a hot broth or a savory dish made with cheese.

STUFFED TOMATO SALADS

Wash medium-sized, firm tomatoes. Peel if liked. Scoop out centres, cutting around top first with a sharp knife. Sprinkle inside with salt and pepper. Invert and chill. Fill with stuffing and serve on crisp salad greens, with salad dressing. Fruit, vegetable, meat, or fish fillings may be used.

Club Egg Filling: Hard-boil eggs and cut in half. Pound yolks with a little onion juice, curry powder, and salad cream. Place the white halves in the scooped tomatoes. Pipe the flavored yolk on to the egg whites.

Carrot and Pickle Filling: Mix raw, grated carrot, tomato pulp, chopped gherkin, and pickled beet or onion. Pile into tomatoes and top with salad cream, flavored with chutney.

Green Pea Filling: Sprinkle a little finely chopped onion or chives in the scooped tomatoes. Fill with green peas, well flavored in the cooking with mint. Top with salad cream to which a little crisply cooked, chopped bacon has been added.

Potato Salad Filling: Mix diced, cooked new potatoes with salad cream and flavor to taste with chopped parsley, eschallot or chives. Sprinkle grated hard-boiled egg-yolk on top.

Orange and Lamb Filling: Mix finely minced lamb and diced orange pulp. Moisten with dressing and add to taste a little chopped onion or chives and pepper and salt.

CABBAGE AND PINEAPPLE SALAD

Two cups crisp shredded cabbage, 1 cup diced fresh pineapple, 1 cup salad cream, pepper and salt, 1 tablespoon chopped red pimento.

Mix cabbage, pineapple, and salad cream lightly with a fork. Season to taste. Pile in salad bowl and sprinkle pimento on top.



SUMMER'S AROUND the corner and salad meals have come to stay. Serve cool, fresh salad platters with cold meats or eggs, potatoes, cheese for appetite value.

BEET AND ORANGE SALAD

Four medium-sized cooked beets, 1 large orange, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, lettuce, salad cream, chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

Chill the beets and scoop out centres. Peel and dice orange, and mix with onion. Pile orange and onion mixture in the scooped and seasoned beets. Serve on crisp lettuce. Top with salad cream and sprinkle with parsley.

SALAD CREAM DRESSING

One cup white sauce, 1 cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 teaspoon sugar.

Combine the ingredients, beating well. Season with pepper and salt.

VARIATIONS

Egg and Cheese Dressing: Add 1 chopped hard-boiled egg, 2 tablespoons finely grated cheese, 1 tablespoon parsley.

Curry Dressing: Add 1 teaspoon curry powder and 1 grated raw apple.

Pickle Mayonnaise: Add 1 tablespoon chopped gherkin, 1 tablespoon clear cauliflower pickle, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Tomato Dressing: Add 1 cup tomato puree, 1 teaspoon chopped onion.

Crisp Vegetable Dressing: Add 1 cup crisp diced celery, 2 tablespoons chopped raw cauliflower, 1 or 2 drops onion juice.

CLEAR SALAD DRESSING

Half-cup vinegar or lemon juice, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 2 or 3 slices onion.

Marinate the onion slices for 30 minutes in the vinegar. Drain. Mix sugar, salt, and mustard, and slowly beat in the vinegar or lemon juice.

VARIATIONS

Mint Dressing: Add 1 tablespoon of chopped mint.

Herb Dressing: Add 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, good pinch of marjoram, thyme, and chervil.

Fruit Juice Dressing: Use a mixture of orange juice, grapefruit juice, pineapple juice, and lemon juice instead of the vinegar.

Sharp, Spiced Dressing: Add 1 grated apple, 1 or 2 cloves, dash nutmeg and cinnamon.

VEGETABLE TRIO SALAD

One and a half cups grated raw carrot, 1½ cups grated raw beetroot, 1½ cups sliced cucumber (unpeeled), crisp lettuce, clear salad dressing.

Marinate separately for about 10 minutes the grated raw carrot, beetroot, and cucumber. Place separately in crisp lettuce leaves, arranged 3 on each salad plate. Serve with clear dressing.

VANILLA SNOW WITH GINGERED PEARS

One pint milk, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon cold water, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla,

8 pear halves cooked in ginger syrup.

Heat the milk and sugar. Soften the gelatine in cold water, and stir into the hot milk, stirring until dissolved. Cool, add the vanilla, and pour into greased mould. Chill until firm, unmould on flat dish, surround with pear halves, garnished with fresh or candied mint leaves.

RAW CAULIFLOWER SALAD

Two cups thinly sliced raw cauliflower, 1 cup diced celery, 1 tablespoon chopped gherkin, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup vinegar; lettuce, or cress.

Marinate the cauliflower in the vinegar for one hour. Add the celery, gherkin, onion, parsley, pepper, and salt, and mix thoroughly. Pack in small greased moulds. Chill and unmould on crisp salad greens.

FROSTED RHUBARB SHAPE

Half-pint rhubarb juice, 1 pint sieved rhubarb, 1 teaspoon orange rind, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, sugar to taste, 1 pint thick custard sauce.

Soften the gelatine in 2 tablespoons of the juice. Heat the remainder of the juice with the orange rind. Stir in the gelatine, stirring until dissolved. Cool. Add the sieved rhubarb and allow to nearly set. Whisk in the custard sauce, beating until thick and creamy. Sweeten to taste. Pour into a wetted mould. When quite set, unmould and serve with orange finger biscuits.

GLADYS PULLS HER WEIGHT

WHEN GLADYS B. JOINED UP THEY CRIED
GOOD HEAVENS! SKIN AND BONE!

BUT GLADYS FOUND
THE LIFE SO GRAND
SHE PUT ON SEVERAL STONE

SHE MARCHED AND DRILLED
AND STUDIED HARD
WAS SPIC AND SPAN TO BOOT

AND SOLVOL KEPT
HER HANDS SO CLEAN
THEY MADE OUR GLAD A LOOT

ALL HANDS TODAY NEED SOLVOL

SOLVOL

Bacon substitute wins main prize

• Mutton ham can be cut as rashers, cooked and served with the breakfast egg, cooked whole or in sections and served as desired. Recipe for this bacon substitute wins the main prize this week.

THE other recipes published on this page are also well worth a place in your cutting file. They are simple, economical, and bound to find their way on to the family table again and again.

Readers who share their recipes with thousands of other home-makers win cash prizes every week in our popular cookery contest.

Join the ever growing list—send us your family favorite now!

MUTTON HAM

Get a wether mutton leg (about 5 lb.) and cut it into the form of a ham. Then make up the pickling mixture with 1 lb. fine salt, 1 lb. brown sugar, 1 oz. saltpetre. Put the mutton into a deep earthenware dish. Heat the pickle in a saucepan and rub it well into the meat. Turn the ham every day for four days, rubbing the pickle in thoroughly. On the fifth day add another 2 oz. common salt, and continue the process of turning and rubbing for another week. Finally, drain the ham, wipe dry, and hang in wood-smoke till dark brown; or, failing that, hang in a dry in a linen bag in a warmish, dryproof room.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Delmeice, c/o Lyndaville, Waitechie, Vic.

AUSTERITY DISH

(Two-way Pressed Mutton)

Simmer till tender 2 mutton "flaps," adding to the water rice or barley, onion, carrot, and green peas (the liquid is a soup ready to use). Remove bones from the meat and put half in a nice shape on a dish.

Put your favorite stuffing over this and the rest of the meat on top. Dissolve some gelatine in the stock, and pour over all. When set, serve with salad.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Price, Market Street, Trentham, Tas.

THREE-WAY BATTER SUGGESTION

Savory Breakfast Patties.—Make a batter of 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 cup self-raising flour. To this add 1 grated small onion, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, dash cayenne, 1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley. Fry in small patties till a golden brown each side. Can be served with a rasher of bacon or a fried egg, if desired.

Toad-in-the-Hole.—A tasty luncheon dish. Roll sausage-meat (about 1 lb. or 1 1/2 lb., as desired) into small balls. Make the above batter, pour into a greased pie dish, and into this mixture drop the sausage cakes. Bake in a moderate oven. Best as you would a cake. Serve with a



ALL-TIME FAVORITES are hot jacket potatoes. They make the most of flavor and food value, and lend themselves to varied service. Here the tops are split, and then refilled with some of the pulp pounded with onion juice and herbs.

pip-hot, thick, brown gravy or onion sauce.

Hurry-up Apple Dessert.—Well grease a round cake tin and line with sliced apples. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, and, if it can be spared from the family ration, small dots of butter. Make the batter mixture, and pour over the apples. Bake about half an hour. Turn it out and serve with cream or custard sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Ron Galpin, 107 Wright St., Peterborough West, S.A.

LEMON TART

One cup self-raising flour, 1 egg, 2oz. butter or good dripping, 1 cup sugar.

Rub butter into flour and mix with yolk of egg, adding a little water if



Above: DEANNA DURBIN. Universal star, and there's nothing so satisfying as an egg toasted sandwich when she comes home from a late working session. You can add a spot of onion to the egg for additional flavor.

necessary. Roll out and line a tart plate.

Filling: 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 small cup sugar, juice 1 lemon and little of the rind grated, yolks 2 eggs. Add water till you make it a fairly thin consistency. Bake tart, and then pile on a meringue made with the 2 egg-whites stiffly beaten with 2 tablespoons sugar. Lightly brown in oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to A. Duffield, Flat 8, 7 Park St., St. Kilda, Vic.

NORFOLK PIE

Enough short pastry to line and

top a piedish, 4 heaped tablespoons marmalade, 1 lb. cooking apples, sugar to taste.

Divide pastry in two, and line dish. Spread with marmalade, add a layer of apples, cut up and sprinkled with a little sugar. Gauge sweetness by the tartness of apples, taking into consideration the sweetness of the marmalade. Cover with remainder of pastry, and bake for about 20 minutes. Dust with castor sugar, and serve hot or cold with custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. S. Hazel, Coghill St., Kapunda, S.A.

Infected tonsils menace health - - By MEDICO

ALICE JAMES has two very infected tonsils, which we are going to remove in the near future.

"Do you think they are the cause of her being so backward at school?" Mrs. James asked me.

"Probably," I replied. "Diseased tonsils like Alice's can be the cause of quite a few things—earache, for instance, constant colds, even rheumatism."

Of course, there is no need for the wholesale removal of tonsils. The observant mother can easily see when a child is suffering from diseased tonsils.

• Poison from diseased tonsils not only harms the throat, but affects the whole body.

There is no benefit in keeping them. The poison which they collect and distribute may not only harm the throat, but the whole body as well.

Sometimes they are removed simply because they are so enlarged as to interfere with swallowing and breathing. But if a child has repeated attacks of tonsillitis it is fairly certain diseased tonsils are the cause. A running nose, a habit of sniffing, and red eyes are other signs that should not be ignored.

Now there may be other reasons

for these troubles besides infected tonsils. Also the tonsils are not the only structure in the upper breathing area. The adenoids, which lie at the back of the throat, may also be infected.

The combination of tonsils and adenoids is well known. Many a child breathes through his mouth because of enlarged adenoids. Beside giving the child a "dull" expression, mouth-breathing changes the shape of the palate and the nose, and interferes with the natural development of the teeth.

There is one thing about tonsils and adenoids—children will not outgrow them. If they are troublesome, it's best not to delay treatment.

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Pains in Back, Nervousness, Disincline, Gravel under Eyes, Leg Pains, Poor Appetite, and Energy, Puffy Ankles, or Broken Rest, etc., you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs, acids and wastes are impairing the vital functioning processes of your kidneys. Take care! Ordinary medicines can't help much and you must stop these troubles by removing the cause with Cystex, which starts benefit in 2 hours and is offered on generous terms—No Benefit—No Pay. Cystex—the doctor's prescription—is approved by doctors and chemists in 73 countries, and over 90,000 people have written to say how pleased they are to have found the right medicine for their troubles.

One-Time Sufferers Praise This Medicine.

Mr. R.T. Townville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me, and before I finished three doses my health and strength came back."

Mr. M.L.Z. Thompson, Estate, Brisbane, wrote: "I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble, and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about and walk miles, although I am 63 years of age. Cystex does all I claim for it."

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways
Gets rid of health-destroying deadly poisonous acids. Kills the germs which are infecting kidneys, bladder, and urinary system. Helps nature to strengthen and rejuvenate kidneys and protects against further attack.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back.
Get Cystex from your chemist to-day. Give it a thorough trial. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! Now in 2 sizes—4/-, 8/-.

This is a GUARANTEED Cystex Treatment for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.



CATARRH

HAY FEVER, 'FLU, CHRONIC COLDS, BRONCHITIS, BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, ANTRUM AND SINUS TROUBLES

These distressing complaints are all caused by germs in the bloodstream, and lasting relief can only be obtained by defeating these germs. Vaxos No. 1 is an oral vaccine (a vaccine which, instead of being injected, is simply taken a few drops each day in water, by mouth), and is produced under Government licence by an eminent physician. Upon absorption into the bloodstream, Vaxos quickly sets to work destroying the attacking germs and neutralising the poisons created by them, with the result that the patient soon feels brighter, headaches and body pains vanish, and health steadily improves. With continued treatment immunity to the disease is established for up to two years. Vaxos is perfectly safe, even for children and elderly people to take. Don't continue to suffer needlessly; obtain Vaxos from your chemist to-day.

TWO OTHER VAXOS TREATMENTS

Vaxos No. 2 (Warren Grove Type) for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Myositis, Fibrositis, Lumbago, and Spendylitis.

Vaxos No. 3 for Boils, Pimples, Carbuncles, Acne, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Eczema, Impetigo, Septic Sores, and most Skin Infections.

EACH TREATMENT IN TWO SIZES

Large Size (24 c.c.s.) 4 weeks' treatment for Chronic Cases 21/-
Medium Size (12 c.c.s.) 3 weeks' treatment for Acute Cases 12/6

If your chemist is out of stocks write to:

VACCINE PRODUCTS (AUST.), 504 LITTLE COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE, C.I.

Don't quit—KEEP BUYING WAR SAVINGS BONDS



Helps the Nursing Mother to keep up her strength

Looking after baby takes considerable toll of the nursing mother's energy, and she should see that her diet is planned to maintain strength and vitality.

A regular cup of Horlicks supplies the nursing mother with first-class protein, essential carbohydrates, mineral salts and vitamins. Horlicks is a complete food in itself and its nourishing

goodness benefits both mother and child. Simply mix Horlicks with water only, and you have a delicious food drink, delicate in flavour and very easy to digest. Enjoy it hot or cold, according to your preference. Horlicks is sold in handy glass jars, or in tins, price 3/-. (Prices slightly higher in the country).



HORLICKS

—the food drink that nourishes and sustains

Always on the go!



Active young bodies
need these vital
Wheat foods!

Have you watched children at play? Never still, always on the go, their active young bodies burn up energy at a rate that would soon exhaust an adult. All the more reason then, why you should serve WEET-BIX or GRANOSE Whole Wheat Flake Biscuits—or BIXIES Whole Wheat Flakes—for their breakfast every morning. Made from the finest sun-ripened Australian wheat, these famous Sanitarium Health Food products are rich in all those muscle-building, energy-giving elements that make wheat one of man's finest foods. Delicious to eat, and easy to serve, too, all these products are pre-cooked in spotless kitchens and toasted to just the right degree of toothsome crispness. WEET-BIX and BIXIES are flavoured with rich malt and pure natural sugars for extra goodness and energy; GRANOSE are flavoured with salt only for the very young and those who prefer a "savoury" morning cereal. All are obtainable from your usual grocer.

Mrs. WYNIFRED WISEMAN, well-known authority on cooking and dietetics, is heard on the air every Tuesday and Wednesday morning over more than 45 radio stations throughout Australia. A firm believer in the importance of wheat as a food, Mrs. Wiseman invariably recommends the addition of SAN-BRAN to the morning cereal to assure regular good health.



ALCOOT